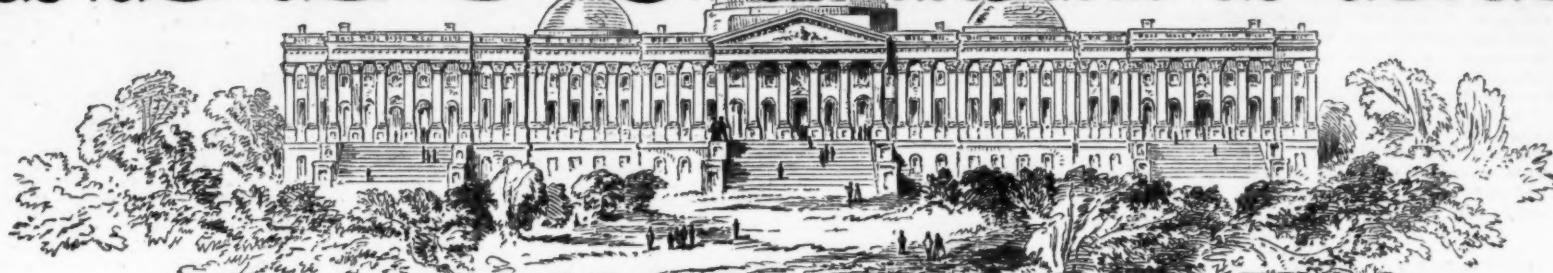


# FRANK LESLIE'S MELVILLE'S IRVING'S NEWSPAPER



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## TRANSPORTATION OF ARMY SUPPLIES TO UTAH From Our Own Correspondent.

In a preceding number of our newspaper we presented to our readers a view of Russell, Majors & Waddell's outfitting buildings at Nebraska City, N. T. This week we give them a sketch of a "train corralled," and an idea of the amount and manner of transportation by this mammoth company.

Messrs. Russell, Majors & Waddell having entered into a contract with the Government for the transportation of army supplies and military stores to Utah and the intermediate posts, have been busily engaged during the present season in executing their contract. Between the months of May and September they sent twenty-five trains to Utah and nine to Fort Kearney, in all thirty-four, from Nebraska City, and probably a larger number from Leavenworth City, Kansas. They have but two starting and outfitting points, one at Nebraska City, the other at Leavenworth. Mr. Russell has charge of the latter, and the former is under the management of Mr. Alexander Majors, a gentleman of high business qualifications, unyielding integrity and indomitable energy. Mr. Majors resides at present at Nebraska City, whither he removed with his family from the South, bringing with them the genuine refinement and generous hospitality peculiar to the southern country, and especially to the Old Dominion.

Twenty-six wagons, one hundred and sixty yoke of cattle, four mules, two hundred ox yokes, one hundred and thirty chains, rations for the entire train, camp kit, tools, &c., a medicine chest, four thousand cartridges and thirty men, are considered an outfit for an average train, of which the cost is, in the aggregate, upwards of

nineteen thousand five hundred dollars. Each wagon is drawn by six yoke of cattle, and carries fifty-five hundred pounds of freight. The train moves at the rate of twenty miles per day, but a stringent rule requires all to halt during the Sabbath. About thirty-five men, including the wagon-master and his assistants, usually accompany each train. Each man is supplied with one of Colt's ten-inch revolvers, a bowie-knife and Minié rifle, and a Bible and hymn-book.

The most perfect system and good order prevail throughout the entire management and regulations of the company. None but men of good moral character are knowingly engaged; swearing, drinking and gambling are strictly prohibited, under penalty of immediate discharge from the company's service.

Adjoining the outfitting buildings at Nebraska City is a very beautiful grove of young forest trees, in which a rostrum and seats for religious worship are provided. Divine service is held every Sabbath, especially for the convenience and benefit of the employés in and about the shops, stores, &c. The Rev. Robert Renick, an excellent man and a good speaker, preaches every Sabbath, either in the grove or in a neat chapel fitted up in the second story of the large storehouse close by, and is paid a handsome salary by the company for his services. Many of the most refined and intelligent people of Nebraska City attend this church.

One of the most interesting features of a train is the corrall or cattle-pen, and the lassoing and yoking up of wild unbroken cattle. A gradually descending piece of ground is usually selected, where the wagons are drawn up in such a manner as to form a circular inclosure with two apertures opposite each other, through which

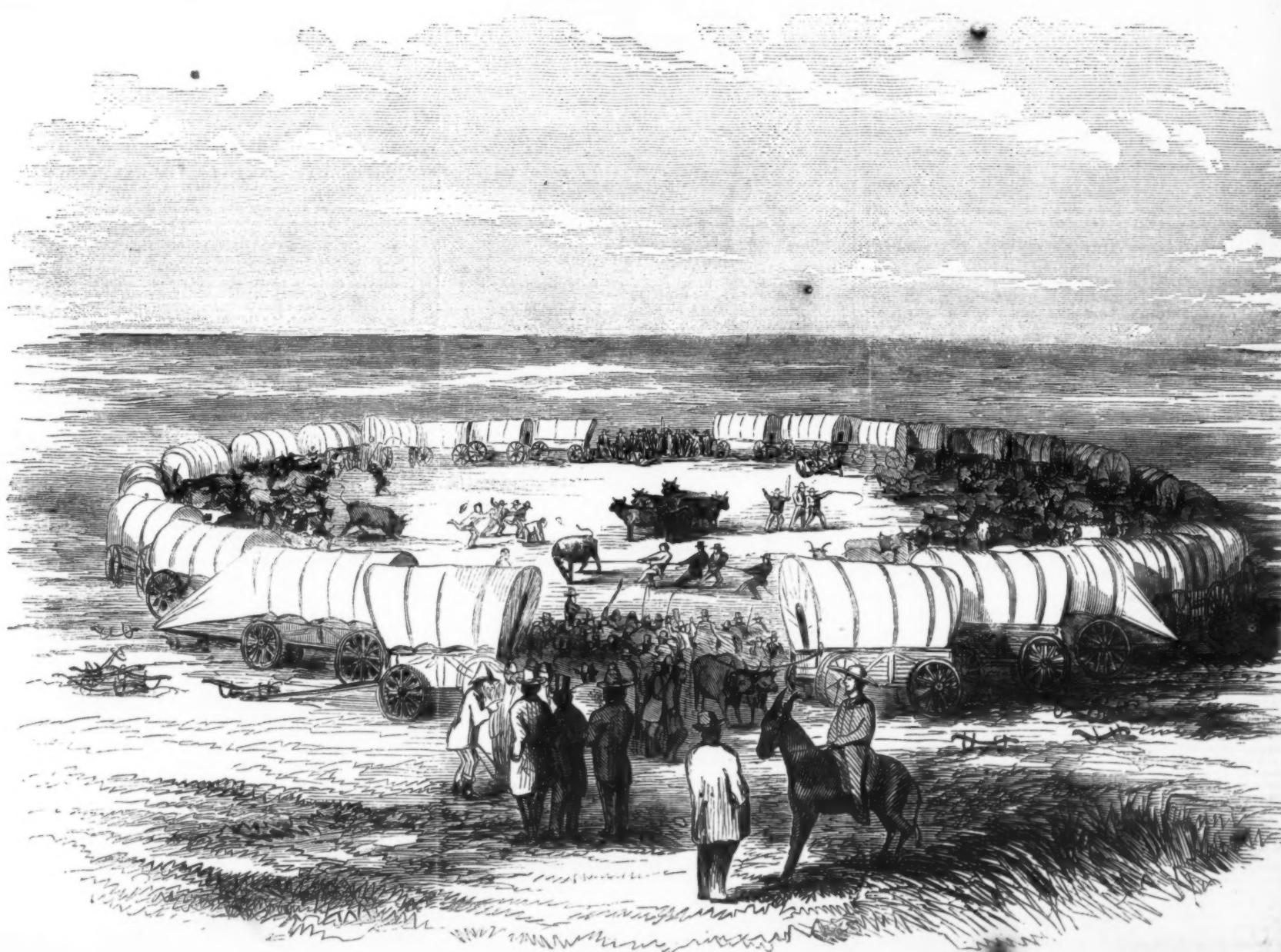
the cattle are driven, and guarded during the process of "yoking up." Cattle fresh from the Texan prairies, which perhaps never approached a vehicle of any kind before, and much less have felt the yoke upon their enormous necks, are attached to the wagons and driven off without ceremony. The largest and steadiest are usually put "next the tongue" and in the lead, while the refractory ones are placed in the middle of the team. "Yoking up" the first time is exciting and dangerous work, and is in most cases attended with difficulty. Each driver selects his own team from the herd in the corrall, and many of those fearless fellows choose the wildest and most furious animals in the enclosure.

## NEBRASKA CITY, NEBRASKA TERRITORY.

From Our Own Correspondent.

THE site upon which this flourishing western town is built was formerly occupied by old Fort Kearney, which was established in 1846, when a block-house and hospital were built on the spot. The old block-house is still standing, and is in a fine state of preservation. The hospital, long log building with a large stone chimney at either end, is fast going to decay, and will soon, in all probability, be removed, to give place to more costly and elegant buildings. The municipal authorities are very wisely using every effort to preserve the old block-house as a relic of early times.

The first improvements were made and the town laid out in the summer of 1854, by General H. P. Downs, S. F. Nuckolls, Esq., President of the Platte Valley bank, and Judge A. A. Bradford. Previous to their settlement, the lands on which the town now stands



TRANSPORTATION OF SUPPLIES TO UTAH—YOKING CATTLE. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

and in its vicinity belonged to the Otoe Indians, but by a treaty, which was effected mainly through the influence of General Downs, they were rendered subject to settlement by the whites.

Nebraska City is the most important commercial town in the Territory; is built upon an elevated site on the west side of the Missouri, midway between the Platte and Kansas rivers. The town lies in a region of country well adapted to agriculture. Opposite Nebraska City, on the Iowa side, are thousands of acres of heavily timbered bottom lands, beyond which, and in full view, are the beautiful and picturesque bluffs, which indicate the western limits of the prairies in Iowa. Toward the west, the gently rolling prairies are seen as far as the eye can reach, and are covered with flowers, from the "merrie month of May," until they are destroyed by the frosts in autumn.

Messrs. Russell, Majors and Waddell, contractors for the transportation of military stores and supplies for the army in Utah, have established one of their outfitting posts at this place, and erected stores, shops and other necessary buildings, in which they employ a large number of hands, in making wagons, ox yokes, bows, &c., and in preparing traps to start for Utah and the far western military posts.

### HEIDELBERG THE BEAUTIFUL.

Is the valley, by the river of bright green waters fleet,  
Where the cherry orchards scatter bloom before the mountain's feet  
The river laughing in its mirth, as if it had sipp'd the wine  
That ripens o'er its path, as on it dances to the Rhine!  
There is a home of beauty, and beauty dwelleth there,  
With eyes that mock the violet's hue, and pale golden hair;  
And many a dream of happiness a spell will ever be,  
O'er Heidelberg the beautiful—the beautiful to me!

There the harvest and the vintage mirth upon the car oft falls,  
Of the wanderer on the mountain side or in the ruin'd halls;  
'Twas there that first one even-tide that maiden fair I met,  
While lingering by the Neckar's wave when the summer sun had set.  
In all the pleasant mountains of the Saxon land of song,  
There is no realm to which my heart will turn in love so long,  
And she who dwelleth in that land a spell will ever be  
O'er Heidelberg the beautiful—the beautiful to me!

### DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

**California.**—The Fraser River mines are again "looking up," and a considerable emigration from San Francisco is expected to take place in the Spring.

The usual fortnightly crop of murders and other crimes is reported.

The steamship Hermann has been labelled by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and will therefore not be able to sail for San Juan del Sur, to meet the Washington.

The wires of the Placerville and Humboldt Telegraph Company have been laid to Genoa, Carson Valley. San Francisco is, therefore, now in telegraphic communication with Utah Territory. The soon will be with Great Salt Lake City.

The friends of Douglas in San Francisco, and also in Sacramento, fired salutes in honor of the success of Douglas, in Illinois, on arrival of the steamer bringing the news.

Mr. M. Keller, of Los Angeles, who is extensively engaged in the grape and wine business, has nearly closed the labors of the season. He has shipped to San Francisco nearly 100,000 pounds of grapes, and converted into wine not far from half a million pounds. He has made 38,000 gallons of white, and 10,000 gallons of red wine. He has also made 1,000 gallons Angelica, and will make 1,000 gallons brandy. This is equal to about 55,000 gallons of wine.

**Colored Brandy.**—The Mobile Weekly Paper says: We heard the other day of a singular and, we believe, a new effect of the application of brandy as a medicine. A gentleman, convalescent of an attack of sickness, was recommended by his physician to rub himself all over, morning and evening, with the best of brandy.

The invalid accordingly sent to his family grocer, with whom he had dealt for years, and ordered a sample of the best old Cognac. Home it came, and that very evening it was tried—outwardly, of course. The convalescent felt better, much better, and he continued to feel better for a day or two, until he awoke one morning, and, to his horror, discovered that his entire cuticle—or at least where it had been rubbed with the old Cognac—had become of a deep crimson color.

He sprang out of bed in alarm. The family was aroused. A servant dashed in hot haste for the doctor. The invalid's wife was terribly shaken by this never before heard of catastrophe. What could be the cause of it? He looked a picture for a painter as he sat before the looking-glass in an armchair and rufly surveyed his crimson covering. It was almost ludicrous; it was quite as bad as Mr. Tittebat Timouse's predicament about his purple green hair. But this could be no laughable matter, it must be some extraordinary phenomenon, as he explained it to his wondering and alarmed family.

"And just imagine, my dear, how shall look all my life, if this confounded thing isn't cured! Like a boiled lobster! I like a boiled lobster! I shall go by no other name! Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

The door bell rang—the front door opened—in rushed the doctor. For an instant he could not contain himself; he had to drop into a chair and laugh it out.

"Oh, it is very funny to you, no doubt, doctor; but how would you like to go about the balance of your days looking like an overdone lobster?"

The doctor burst out again at this; but he saw that his sick man and family were alarmed, and he soon sobered down to his usual pugnacious feeling.

"Maybe it's the iodine, doctor," suggested the anxious wife.

"Oh, it's ironed in, no doubt," said the patient, indulging the ruling passion strong in death.

The doctor shook his head.

"Had that rubbing been done as he prescribed?"

"Yes; faithfully."

"Good brandy?"

"Yes; the very best—we use no other."

"Let me have it."

The brandy was brought. The doctor tasted it and shook his head again.

"I'll take it home to examine chemically; there are so many tricks among the liquor dealers."

"Oh, no fear of that with our grocer. He sells none but the best liquors, imported direct by himself."

"No doubt, I'll look into it, nevertheless." And calming the family alarm, the good doctor departed, the pure old cognac in his pocket.

That evening came a note from him: "Dear L.—make yourself perfectly easy. The cognac is first proof whiskey and won't hurt you; it was the logwood in it that did your business!"

**A Model Judge.**—They have a model judge up at Memphis, so we should think from an article in the *Eagle and Enquirer*. A paragraph appeared in that paper rather insinuating that Judge McKeiran, of the Criminal Court, imbibes a little too freely. The Judge seeing the editor in the audience at the Douglas meeting, asked him to step aside as he wished to speak with him. Both retired, and two other persons stepped in front of the editor, and the Judge proceeded to read the paragraph in question. The editor said if the Judge denied the truth of it he would retract it. This the Judge declined to do, and upon the refusal of the editor to give the name of his informant, the Judge struck him in the face, and drew his revolver; at the same time one of the two friends of the Judge raised his cane. The editor, having been advised that an attack might be made upon him, had provided himself with a pistol and instantly drew it. At this posture of things the police interfered and arrested the parties. A model Judge, that! They have an elective judiciary up in that section, we believe, which sufficiently accounts for this exhibition of judicial prowess, dignity, beauty and morals!

**A Lady's Opinion of Man!**—That very charming writer, Mrs. Oakes Smith, in a recent lecture on man thus same down upon that perfidious monster: "If a man wishes a job of work done cheap he employs a woman; if he has a bad bill to pass off he gives it to a woman; if he has a fit of the sullenness he shows it to a woman; if he has any petty trick or low abuse that would cost him a libel suit or a broken head if practised upon a man, he gives a woman the benefit of it, because there is no respect for her."

**Our American Cousin.**—Tom Taylor, the author of this popular comedy, has written a letter to Laura Keene in relation to the true ownership of this so-named comedy. Tom Taylor is a wagg, a lawyer and a jester. He says a copy was never paid to Mr. Silber. True, but Mr. Webster gave a copy, which he bought from Tom Taylor, to Mr. Silber as a consideration for yielding two weeks of his engagement up to Madame Celeste.

**A Picnic Thief.**—One of our leading Presbyterian clergymen, while visiting a brother minister at Paterson on Tuesday last, for the purpose of officiating in his pulpit on that evening, had his overcoat and shawl stolen from the hall of the residence of his fellow preacher, whilst the family were partaking of their evening meal. In the pocket of the coat were four sermons, one of which the gentleman designed delivering on that evening, but having lost them he was obliged to speak extemporaneously, and, of course, under a disadvantage. It is hoped that the thief will read the discourse, and so profit by them as to hereafter abstain his clothing in a more honest manner. Parsons often steal their sermons from Bair, Stillingfleet and other famous authors, so after all it is only fit for it.

**Conciliation.**—The Secretary of War, in reply to the House Committee on Military Affairs, has expressed a decided opinion that the proposed military occupation of Sonora and Chihuahua, so far from adding to the existing necessities by an increase of the army, would have the opposite effect. A line of

posts stretched across from Texas to Guaymas would be much shorter than the present curved line of posts held by our troops, and being shorter the line could be occupied by a smaller force than is now required, besides being far more effective than the present arrangement. A great saving, too, would be made in the means of subsistence and a curtailment of the expense of transportation.

**Fine Subject for Poetry.**—The editor of the New Orleans *Advocate* has this incident about the ravages of the yellow fever in that city:

"The preacher was called a few days since to attend the funeral of a young man. Before his sickness he was a stout, buoyant, manly youth. He was from the State of Maine, and had been here but a short time. He was attacked by yellow fever, and soon died, with no mother or relatives to watch by his bedside, or to soothe him with that sympathy which none but those of our own kindred blood can feel or manifest. He died among strangers, and was buried by them. When the funeral service was over, and the strange friends who had ministered to him were about to finally close the coffin, an old lady who stood by stopped them and said, 'Let me kiss him for his mother.' We have yet to find the first man or woman to whose eyes this simple recital has not brought tears."

**The President and his Critics.**—A Washington letter writer says: "If Mr. Buchanan were not a bachelor, he would be less of a politician. As it is, his evenings are not devoted to business, or reading, or profitable society, but are mostly spent in a bachelor's room at the White House, the habitus of which discloses over their cigars the prospects of the Democratic party."

Under this title, the Warren (Pa.) *Telegraph* comments upon the political discrimination exercised by the President in the selection of his guests at dinner, and urges to the following form of a card of admission:

"RESIDENTIAL DINNER.—ADMIT THE FRIEND.—Good for this day only. Not good to any Democratic member of Congress re-elected against the President's will. LeCompton members, rejected by their constituents, can obtain first-class tickets on application at the State Department. No anti-LeCompton Democrat, who has not given in, allowed to come in. Little Giants positively excluded. Canes, bludgeons and other weapons to be deposited at the door."

"No ticket genuine without the written signature of JAMES BUCHANAN."

**Statistics.**—The St. Paul *Pioneer* gives the following scale of prices in that city, comparing last year with this: "Flour, which was \$6 last year, is now \$4 50. Potatoes still \$1, are now dear at forty cents. Meats pork, then \$27, is now \$15. Butter, then thirty-five cents, is now twenty cents. Rents have reduced from twenty-five to thirty per cent. Day labor, which was last year \$1 50, is now ninety cents. The Fulton House charged last year \$7 a week, and the Winslow \$6; and the former is now \$5, and the latter \$4. The cost of living in St. Paul is one-third less than last year."

**Force of Imagination.**—The Lewiston (Me.) *Advocate* relates that a citizen of that place, upon waking one morning, missed his teeth, a false set, and having heard that such articles had sometimes been swallowed, he made an examination, and found them, as he supposed, sticking in his throat. Two doctors were sent for, but they could not raise them, and proposed cutting a hole through from the outside. He then set about making his will, and his daughter, going up stairs for the stationery, found the teeth in a bureau drawer.

**Penalties of the Slave Trade.**—The penalties to which the importers, sellers and purchasers of the newly stolen slaves, lately brought into Georgia, are liable under United States law, are: For importing the negroes, or abetting in it, the law imposes a fine of not more than ten thousand dollars, nor less than one thousand dollars, for each negro, and imprisonment not more than seven, nor less than three years. Whoever purchases or sells one of these slaves after they are introduced, is subject to a fine of one thousand dollars, or imprisonment till it is paid.

### FOREIGN NEWS.

The Asia arrived, after a long and stormy passage, on the 27th December. Her dates were to the 11th ult.

The press was occupied with discussions of the proclamation of Queen Victoria as sovereign of India.

The Queen will henceforth be styled the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the Colonies and Dependencies in Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australasia, Defender of the Faith.

The *Times* says that the question of replacing the Atlantic Cable was on the eve of decision. The company has made application to the Government for a guarantee of 4½ per cent. on £567,000, and there is a probability of obtaining the grant. Meanwhile it has been ascertained that the existing damage was not at the shore end. The laying of the new end has been completed to a distance of twelve miles out from Valentia, and the portion taken up was found to be in a perfect condition for all electrical purposes. Experimentately undertaken by a person previously unconnected with the enterprise strongly supports the original inference, that the main fault is about 270 miles from the Irish coast, at a depth probably of 900 fathoms. There is also a fault on the other side, which is thought to be about 300 miles from Newfoundland. Currents, however, still continue to be received, although of a kind so feeble and uncertain as to be useless for any practical purpose.

Baron Rothschild had given the sum of £2,000 for the purpose of founding a school for the City of London School, in commemoration of the 26th of July, 1858, the day in which he was admitted, as a Jew, to take his seat in Parliament.

A prominent radical member of Parliament, Herbert Ingram, proprietor of the *London Illustrated News*, has been tried and convicted of fraudulent representations made for the purpose of obtaining a seat in Parliament. Mr. Ingram, it is also proved, was implicated with John Sadler, the Irish forger, though not criminally.

Lord Palmerston, Robert Lowe, John Bright, Milner Gibson, and other political notables, have been addressing their constituents.

The Earl of Carnarvon, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, has publicly announced the dissent of the Government from the views advanced by Sir John Young regarding the Ionian Islands, and made public through the dishonesty of Gurnsey, a disappointed place-hunter, who purchased a copy of Sir John's dispatch, and published it in the *Daily News*.

Public opinion continues unsway with regard to France. The national defences are being strengthened at every point, and an imposing fortification has been particularly erected near the dockyard of Sheerness.

Lady Clementina Villiers, the celebrated beauty, is dead.

In Ireland a party of young men had been arrested, in consequence of sedition attempts. It was reported that they looked to an invasion of Ireland by American sympathizers!

### FRANCE.

It is generally thought that the Emperor has outgeneraled the Count de Montalembert by insisting on pardoning him, in despite of his attempts to secure trial before a higher court. De Montalembert refuses the pardon, and claims to be heard before a court of appeal, but his petition will scarcely be granted.

The Commission of Inquiry appointed to examine the question of conveying negro laborers from Africa to the French colonies, has assembled several times at the Palais Royal, under the Presidency of Prince Napoleon. A few members are said to have expressed an opinion that, whilst the French colonies should be recommended to enlist Coolies on trial, it was desirable to come to an understanding with the powers interested, in order to be able, if need be, to resume the negro scheme on the coast of Africa, taking care, however, to take such precautions as effectually to distinguish it from the slave trade.

### SPAIN.

The Government is actively preparing the expedition against Mexico, which is popular among the people. The Spanish navy is in a state of high efficiency.

### ITALY.

Another period of feverish excitement has apparently been entered upon. In Austrian Lombardy collisions between the troops and the people have actually taken place, and no concession short of independence will now satisfy the Italians. Hostile orders have been given to look to the fortifications of Verona. The Sardinian Government is said to be looking forward to a war with Austria, in which it would have the active support of France.

### GERMANY.

The King of Prussia, in his reply thanking the Chambers for their address, says they cannot give him a better proof of their fidelity and attachment than by supporting his brother, the Regent, in his difficult mission.

The Commission on the navigation and commerce of the Elbe has separated without coming to a decision. It is semi-officially announced that the Cabinet of Vienna will shortly make a communication to the other powers respecting the navigable interests of the Danube.

### RUSSIA.

The Northern Bee of St. Petersburg points out the tendency, since the Eastern war, of a fusion between the different Slavonian nationalities. The Russian and Polish nations, formerly implacable enemies, have drawn closer and become reconciled.

### THE EAST.

The Royal Proclamation, assuming the Government of Hindostan, was read throughout India on the 1st of November. Vast assemblies of the native Hindoos, and the Sants, received it with acclamation.

Lord Clyde has taken his side against the resolute guerilla bands under Fausto Topor and the Nena. He has enclosed them with a "belt of fire," and issues a proclamation to the effect that non-resistants will be spared, but wherever there is resistance, even a single shot fired against the troops, the rebels must expect to incur the fate they have brought upon themselves. Their houses will be burnt, and their villages plundered. This proclamation includes all ranks of the prop. e., from the blockaders to the poor Ryots.

Cuba was quiet. Lord Elgin had been negotiating successfully at St. Domingo.

Bronson had signed a treaty with the Japanese. The Emperor of Japan is dead as deceased.

### SOUTH AMERICA.

The war between Peru and Ecuador is maintained without actual fighting. The Peruvian ships of war continue to blockade the Guayaquil, and Carrillo has issued orders to raise 11,000 of the 15,000 troops which were granted him. The dispute is about a region of uninhabited country on the right bank of the Amazon, which Peru claims without a shadow of justice. General Echenique

was in Bolivia and threatening Castilla from that point. In Chile some turbulent spirits were attempting to create a revolution, but the vigilance of Monit and his ministers has thus far discomfited their undertakings.

### THE Isthmus.

Sir William Gore Ouseley has reached Realejo on his way to the capitals of Nicaragua and Costa Rica. Our minister, General Lamar, was at San Jose. Both our own and the British vessels had received orders to intercept any filibustering attempt.

### GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

#### ENGLAND.

**The Linen Trade and the Treaty with Japan.**—When the details of the recent treaty with Japan were made known in this country, all persons connected with the linen trade were startled by observing that linen goods were not included with cotton and woolen goods in the class of articles to be admitted into Japan on payment of a duty of five per cent. The directors of the Dundee Chamber of Commerce immediately called the attention of the Privy Council for Trade to the omission, and asked whether any explanation could be given respecting it. The reply says: "Under the recent treaty with Japan, as linens are not specified in the second class of articles, which are to be admitted on payment of five per cent. duty, which class included both cotton and woolen goods; and as no reference is made to them in the first and third classes of enumerated articles, they appear necessarily to come within the fourth class, and to be liable to a duty of twenty per cent."

**Hugh Miller's Monument.**—The foundation stone of the monument to be erected at Cromarty in memory of Hugh Miller, was laid last week. Everything was done by the inhabitants that could render the ceremony impressive, and to exhibit the sincere pride which they feel in being able to refer to their distinguished countryman as a native of their town, born and brought up among themselves. The following inscription is to be engraved upon the base: "In commemoration of the genius in literary and scientific eminence of Hugh Miller, this monument is erected by his countrymen. He was born at Cromarty 10th of October, 1802, and died 24th December, 1856."

#### FRANCE.

**Curious Accident.**—A distressing accident happened recently in a manufactory at Gardes-a-Chémar (France) to a girl twelve years of age, named Chirouse. She had, contrary to the rules of the place, been combing her hair in the work-room, and had left it hanging loose on her back. As she was standing near the shaft of a machine, her hair was caught by it, and completely torn off with all the scalp of her head. She was carried to the hospital, where she lies in a very dangerous state.

**Action against M. Mario.**—M. Calzado brought an action, on Saturday week, before the tribunal of commerce, Paris, against M. Mario, the tenor, to make him perform the part of the Duke of Mantua in the opera of "Rigoletto" on Sunday evening last, and on any other evening required, or, in default, to pay 12,000 francs damages for each night of refusal. It was stated by his advocate that Mario, who for a long time had been first tenor at the Italian theatre, at a salary of 14,000 francs a month, had created the part in question, and had obtained great success in it. Subsequently the part was played by Caron, Grancini and Baldi; and Mario, when asked to resume it, had done so readily. M. Calzado had announced "Rigoletto" for Sunday evening, with Mario as the Duke of Mantua, Frizzoli (prima donna) as Gilda; and nearly all the house had been let; but, on the 1st of this month, M. Mario informed that he would not appear in the part, and when asked the reason, declared that the manager had no right to cast him for it without his consent, inasmuch as their agreement stipulated that "they should come to an understanding with each other" as to the parts he was to play. He was remonstrated with, but persisted in refusing, and the manager was obliged to bring his action. M. Calzado (aid his advocate) had never intended to allow M. Mario the power of refusing any part in old operas which he had always sung, but simply intended to permit him to object to such new parts in new operas as he might not think suitable to him. On the part of M. Mario, it was stated that throughout his long career he had made a rule of avoiding discussions with managers, and of displaying zeal in the discharge of his duty; and he begged the court to believe that he had not raised the present difficulty from caprice or vanity. The language of the agreement clearly prevented the manager from imposing on him a part which he might not want to play. He did not mean that the manager was to ask him every day if he would sing in such or such a character, but merely to come to an understanding with him at the beginning of the season as to the parts in which he was to be required to appear. At all events it was necessary, inasmuch as his voice and strength were not the same as they had been twenty years ago; and parts which he played then were no longer suitable to his personal appearance. On that account he had refused to sing in the "Puritani." There was another consideration—Grancini had, at the beginning of the season, been designated for the part of the Duke of Mantua—and Mario would not be acting like a good colleague to deprive him of it. Moreover, the nature of Madame Frizzoli's voice was such that, in order to sing with her, he would be obliged to raise his voice a tone, which he did not want to do. The tribunal decided that the terms of the agreement between Mario and Calzado could not be so interpreted as to give the actor the power of refusing to sing his regular parts in old operas, and that consequently he must appear in the Duke of Mantua on Sunday and on any other days the directors might require, under pain of paying 6,000 francs for each refusal. It condemned him likewise to pay all the costs.

#### PRUSSIA.

**Royal Wit.**—A few years ago the King attended the Berlin theatre to witness the production of a new tragedy. The piece proved wretchedly dull, and his majesty, after the second act, determined to quit the house. On entering the saloon leading to the box, he saw a negro sitting on a chair, with his chin resting on his breast, and in a profound slumber. Turning to his attendant, the King remarked: "I am sure that fellow has been listening at the door."

#### ITALY.

**A Neapolitan Floating Improvisatore.**—There were very few passengers on board. These few were now gathered at one end of the deck, looking at the little boy who escorts every steamer in or out of Naples. He is a lad of nine at the utmost—small, supple, brown as a berry, with a quick Italian face, such a face as out of Italy you never see with a child. He comes in a little four-oared boat, and on this floating stage he will dance the far nello, act the buffoon, sing an aria, fight an invisible foe, stab himself at the feet of a faithless lady, and turning up the whites of his eyes, die in the bottom of his boat as gracefully as the ancient gladiator, from whom he is most probably descended. Having lain there long enough to impress the audience, he starts to his feet—bare of course—doffs his cap that covers his little curly head, and generally reaps a plentiful harvest of coppers and silver pieces. Of the coins that are thrown to him whilst he is acting, he takes no notice; they may roll in the bottom of the boat and fall into the sea, for all it matters to the little improvisatore.

#### JAPAN.

**What an exceedingly ingenious way**, says a letter from the newly discovered country, the ladies of Japan have introduced in order to keep parents and husbands from knowing what they may write—for men and women write with entirely different letters or characters, and hence cannot read each other's letters. The reason for this was, that women could not thus know anything of the business matters of their husbands.

#### PARLOR GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

**Unrehearsed Effect.**—A scene which occurred recently at the Holiday street theatre, Baltimore, we quote as a warning to our fair readers, it affording immense amusement to those who witnessed it, notwithstanding the young lady's evident mortification: "A fine-looking young woman, in more than the usual amplitude of crinoline, entered with her beau, and was making her way through the already well-filled seats to the front row of the dress circle, where places had been reserved for them. To do so, with all the bold freedom of feminine Young America, she stepped upon the seats, when, unfortunately, her hoop, or rather the lower hoop of her skeleton skirt, caught upon the back of one of the seats as she swept by, and the fastening about the waist parting, the whole concern came down 'by the run,' and as she stepped forward and out of it, was left hanging in full view upon the seat. The charge was astonishing; the full blown belle at one moment, the next looked like a lamp-post with a silk dress tied around it. For a moment, also, the young lady was quite unconscious of the accident. In another she saw the full extent of it, and blushing crimson, sank into her seat, and for the next half hour had undoubtedly the most brilliant complexion in the audience."

**Gavazzi on Crinoline.**—If Gavazzi really wishes to know if there is anything "more hypocritical, more abominable than a lady's petticoat," we will tell him—a *renegade priest*: "Is there anything more hypocritical than the dress of a lady at the present day? Is there anything more abominably false than the petticoat of a lady now-a-days? When you meet them in the streets—one of those walking mountains—taking up half your High street, and, generally speaking, the smaller they are in person the larger they are in dress—when you see one of these prominently walking ladies, you will say, 'Oh, the stately lady, proud lady! She looks as a Juno!' If they would permit you, by engineering, to measure the basis of their rotundity, you try to do the utmost you can by stretching out your arms. This is an impossibility; but when you go to embrace them you find there is nothing, and that you have been grasping at a handful of wind. This is what I call gaining admiration under false pretences!"

**Smooth It Over.**—Do the cares of life trouble you? Smooth them over! Are the children cross and ill-natured? Smooth it over with words of gentle reproof and caresses, which none know how to bestow like a mother. Does every bone in your feeble frame ache as you stand over the table, with the double heat of the stove and the flat-iron to oppress you? Smooth it over! Take every wrinkle carefully from your husband's shirt-boom, and smooth over his pantaloons and neckerchiefs, singing all the while of that fair land of promised rest, where all the rough places are made smooth, and the uneven places level, by the Father of the Universe. Think of your Heavenly Father's care and be content. Does your husband come in crossed and harassed by his business and speak harshly? Smooth it over! Let sunbeams warm up your face and give him gentle, loving words. Although baby's cross, and the little two-year-old mischievous, and you are nearly crushed by the weight of care, until every nerve in your body seems strung, bear it all patiently, smooth it over!

Are your friends "near and dear" snatched away? Let not grief oppress you, but smooth it over. And when you see them laid away in the damp, cold earth, smooth their last resting-place by the hand of affection, and plant sweet-scented blossoms to wave over the grave as an emblem of immortality. Then prepare to meet them, by smoothing your temper and a Christian resignation. There's no other way to enjoy life, except we smooth it over!

**Swedish Custom.**—The mode of saying grace is thus described by Dr. Steane, in his reminiscences of a visit to Sweden: "The company stand round the table, and at some considerable distance from it, the gentlemen, for the most part if not always, with their hands clasped and held on their breasts. Profound silence ensues perhaps for a minute, it may be two, when the ladies drop a curtsey and the gentlemen make a bow, and then the company take their seats. After dinner there is sometimes an addition, one of the party striking up a verse of some well-known hymn, when all join in singing it."

**Eugenie's Kindness.**—The young officer of the Cest Garde, who rallied by his comrades for his love of a young girl without fortune, and who, considering her reputation compromised by their fool-born jesting, had boldly resolved to marry her, has been reinstated in his commission, which he was forced to resign in order to fulfil his intention. The Empress has most generously insisted on this act of justice; and moreover has appointed the young lady to an official situation about the person of the prince imperial.

**A Sermon on Beauty.**—Who dares set our children copies saying that "Beauty is of small account compared with goodness?" Tear the leaf out wherever you see such profanity. Beware of putting such falsehoods into

copybooks, O parents and guardians! Lord Eldon has deprived some of you of the custody of the children for less offences. Write, on the contrary, in your best copperplate, for transcription by our innocents, that "Beauty is the best gift to woman"—provided a woman be a lady, by which, of course, I mean somebody whose family is well to do. Beauty, under our existing Christian arrangements, is a bin-rate to dependents; for what sensible lady likes her governess to be prettier than her daughter, or her maid to be prettier than herself? and to the poor girl, no doubt, the possession of a charming face, under our Christian arrangements aforesaid, a curse bestowed by some malignant fairy, protectress of casanova lovers and the rest of the aristocracy. But, dear and respectable woman, lawfully married wife, down upon your knee-morning and evening, and thank Providence if you have been made beautiful, or have reason to think so. Thank Providence, I repeat to you, for a gift that has saved or will save you two-thirds of the vexations which make up life. If you only knew its value! You think you do; but as the Queen of Sheba complained to Solomon the Wise, one-half has not been told. It won your husband, that you know quite well, though you pretend to think that accomplishments, sweetness, high breeding, and all that, were your real charms. Stuff! He married you for your beauty, and would tell you so but for reasons which I will not betray. And it is by your beauty that you keep him—I won't say count, we are all that you know—but attentive, considerate, generous, forgiving, enduring.

I tell you, madame, that if you were a plain woman you would be treated in a different manner. The plain ones all are. Some know it, but are too vain to say so; some don't know it, but it is true. If an ugly woman said to a husband a quarter of the unpleasant things that you say, he would pack her off into the country on a separate maintenance. If she ran up such a miller's bill as you calmly asked your husband to cast off on the other morning—quietly assuming a check for it as he raw young valuable dissenting missionary going to the Indians said, in answer to an instructing friend, that of course he should assume justification by faith—it would be tossed back to her with a growl if the man were a gentleman, and an oath if he were a scoundrel.

#### THE COOK'S CORNER.

At this season, when so great a variety of delicacies are in demand, we think it not inappropriate to present a few which will be accessible to those to whom conscience may dictate "economy."

**Floating Island.**—Beat the white of two eggs so light that a spoon will stand in it, and by degrees beat in two tablespoonfuls of some favorite jam, two table-spoonfuls of currant jelly, and five tablespoonfuls of loaf sugar. Drop the float upon the surface of a quart of milk puréed into a deep glass or china dish. The milk must be sweetened, and flavored with a small portion of wine.

**Lemon Custard.**—Beat the yolks of eight eggs until they become as white as milk, and then add to them a pint of boiling water, and the grated rind of two lemons. Sweeten to your taste, and stir the mixture over the fire until it seems to be thick enough for use, and then add in a large wine-glassful of rich wine and half the quantity of brandy; give the whole a scald, and pour it into cups. To be served cold.

**Custard Pudding.**—Soak some bread in one quart of good milk, then add eight eggs, well beaten, some raisins and cinnamon. Pour the whole into a dish, putting in as much sweetening as you like. Butter a few slices of bread, lay them on the top, and bake the pudding in an oven or stove.

**Bolted Pudding.**—Soak some bread in one quart of good milk, add six eggs, well beaten, a little salt and as much flour as you think will make it thick enough. Put it into a bag and boil it an hour. Raisins may be added if you like them. Serve it with whatever sauce you like.

**Rice Pudding.**—Boil the rice until it becomes perfectly soft, then add to it half a pound of butter, the same quantity of sugar, one nutmeg, and as much wine and nutmeg as you prefer; beat in also four eggs. Bake in a dish.

**Cocoa-Nut Pudding.**—The ingredients are: Half a pound and two ounces of sugar, the same quantity of butter beaten to a cream, the white of ten eggs beaten to a froth, half a pound and two ounces of grated cocoa-nut, one wine-glassful of wine, and the same quantity of brandy and rose water. Put the ingredients together, keeping them moderately warm whilst beating them. Bake the puddings in an oven. This recipe is sufficient for three puddings.

**Lemon Pudding.**—The ingredients are: One pound of butter and one pound of sugar beat to a cream, ten eggs beat very light, the rind of one lemon thoroughly grated, the juice of one lemon, one wine-glassful of wine, and the same quantity of brandy and rose water. Put the pudding in puff paste in a quick oven for half an hour. This quantity of material is sufficient for four puddings.

**Almond Pudding.**—Ingredients: One pound of butter, one pound of sugar, half a quarter of a pound of blanched almonds, pounded fine, one glassful of brandy, one glassful of wine, one glassful of rose-water and five eggs, well beaten. Add half the rose-water to the almonds whilst bruising them. Bake the pudding in a quick oven.

#### A TOUR IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

(Continued.)

##### From Our Own Correspondent.

In the afternoon I arrived at the mission, which is situated at the base of a mountain spur in the coast range, being distant from San Luis Obispo eighteen leagues. The present proprietor is a Chilian, named Malo, who was, however, absent. His wife, a Californian lady, fat, forty, but not fair, received me hospitably. We had supper, and while eating she inquired if I had been sent by Government to take a survey of the mission, which she informed me was claimed, as well as all the other missions of California, by the Catholic Church, in the person of Bishop Allimanni. She was somewhat agitated, but I reassured her, by telling her that I was travelling only for my pleasure, taking sketches only for my private use. She was a great gossip, and recounted to me all what concerned her family, hopes and fears. After supper her husband came home, whom I found to be a well-disposed and intelligent man.

The land of this mission covered about thirteen hundred square miles, and were at one time so filled with wild cattle, that the presiding priest granted permits to any person who desired to kill them for their hides and tallow, the meat being thrown away. Thousands in this shape fell to the knife and lasso, and still the mission numbered, in 1830, over forty thousand head of cattle, sufficiently domesticated, to be corralled, three hundred yoke of working oxen, three thousand tame horses, four thousand mares, thirty thousand sheep, and five thousand swine, which were raised for their lard, no one eating the meat. The horses on this mission were celebrated for their beauty and speed.

After breakfast next morning (for these kind people would not allow me to leave without partaking of it), I left with a grateful acknowledgment for their hospitality, and continued my journey through a large valley, where I passed a rancho, round which were grazing thousands of cattle and horses; the proprietress, I am told, is an old California woman, named Doña Maria de Jesus, and a few more euphonious-sounding names that I have forgotten.

I had to travel seven leagues this day, in order to reach the Mission of Santa Inez. My road wended through extensive forests and over a mountainous country, which bore everywhere the traces of bears and tigers, and I kept on the alert for banditti, which are said to infest these regions. I met nothing, however, to justify that report, and arrived about noon at the mission. With the exception of the church and the former dwelling-house of the padres, nothing remains but walls of four and five feet thickness. I was informed that I would find a college established here. When I had tied my mule to a post, I stepped under the porch of the dwelling-house, where I found a person whom I immediately recognized as an Irishman, who announced himself as the preceptor of the college. A look at this individual furnished me with a tolerable correct idea of the rest of the establishment. He was a short, thick-set, and bull-headed kind of a man, with red, uncombed hair, and a beard of a week's growth. His linen vied in cleanliness with that of a coal-heaver, and a ragged coat and vest, which would have taxed the ingenuity of a dyer in regard to its color, was patched and begrimed in front. A hole in the knee part of his gray pantaloons betrayed the color of his legs, which corresponded with the dusty soil. The upper-leather of his coarse shoes was stitched and patched together with white cords, and if the flagging of the porch had been very dusty, I do not doubt but I would have seen the impression of his bare foot. The collegians and counterparts of this bean ideal of an Irish schoolmaster, ragged and dirty like himself, were staring at me, when the priest came out of his room. I saluted, and communicated my intention of taking a sketch of the mission, which he politely permitted.

He was a young man, from old Spain, very grave, and very yellow, and acted as superintendent over this flourishing establishment. The mode of saying grace is thus described by Dr. Steane, in his reminiscences of a visit to Sweden: "The company stand round the table, and at some considerable distance from it, the gentlemen, for the most part if not always, with their hands clasped and held on their breasts. Profound silence ensues perhaps for a minute, it may be two, when the ladies drop a curtsey and the gentlemen make a bow, and then the company take their seats. After dinner there is sometimes an addition, one of the party striking up a verse of some well-known hymn, when all join in singing it."

It was noon and dinner-time, and the bell being struck as a signal for dinner, the priest invited me to partake of the same, which I accepted, prompted principally by curiosity. We all sat down at the table, which was covered with a cloth which might have passed for a potato-sack, in texture and color, the priest presiding. The soup was brought in by a specimen of biped composed of rags and filth. The priest, after having said a long grace in Latin, in the peculiar nasal twang which the Spanish clergy is noted for, dipped out the soup, which was handed round on flat plates without danger of running over, for it was nothing but a mass of boiled bread, biscuit, and *carne seco*, or dried beef. While we were eating, one of the boys took his position near the priest with a book in his hand, from which he read in a doleful tone, some edifying philippic. His hollow and pale cheeks told a tale of woe, and his sunken eyes, which glanced stealthily from the book over the viands, betrayed the state of his stomach, and wishing book and priest to some unknown region, undoubtedly. The second course consisted in fried dried beef of the color and solidity of sole-leather, eaten with very hard and stale bread. The third dish was composed of meat torn to shreds so fine that it resembled a lump of hair, and proved to be equally difficult for mastication. It was boiled in garlic water, which condiment was liberally supplied in flavoring all the dishes.

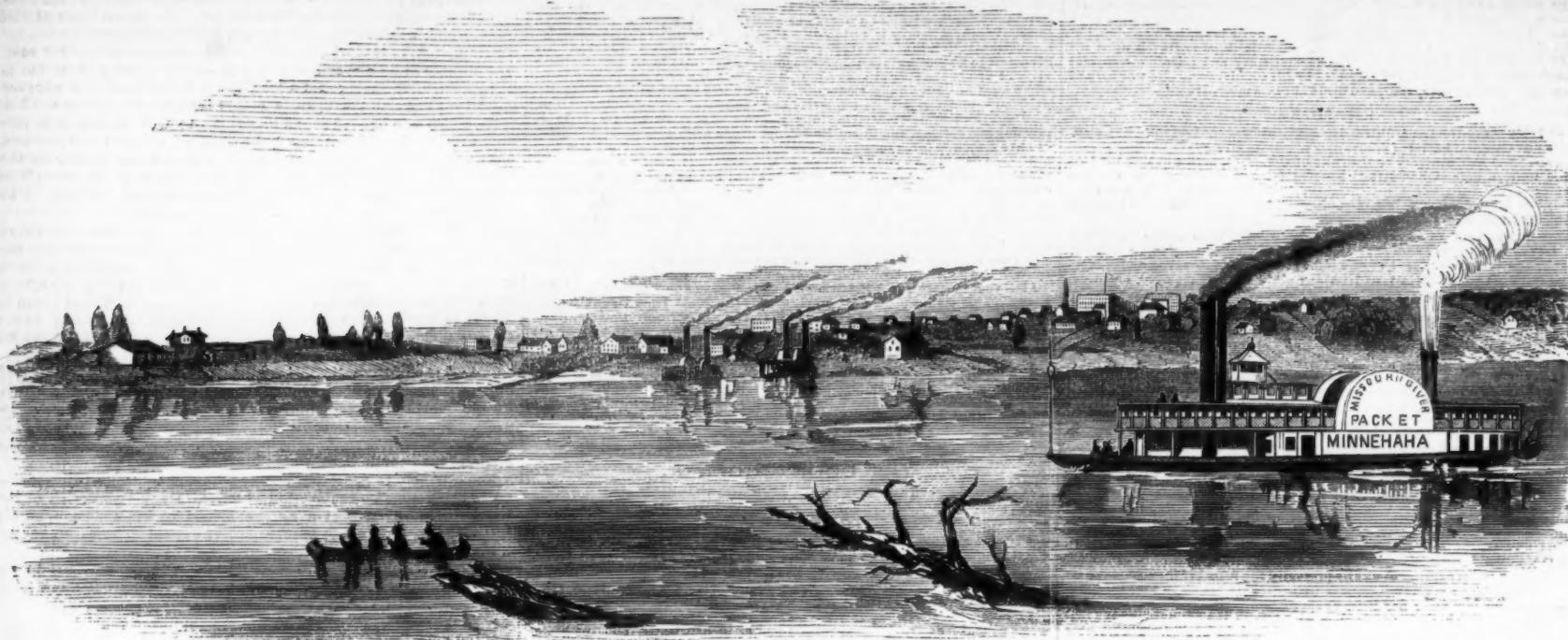
In 1823 the property of this mission was valued at eighty thousand dollars. A portion of its land remains alienated, and must be held for the benefit of its Indian neophytes, or accrue to the public domain. The last Government decree left the whole in the hands of an administrator, who thought more of his own revenues than the claim of the poor Indians, whom law had betrayed.

Being unable to provide my mule with the requisite provender—there being none on the mission—I left, after taking a sketch of the buildings, and arrived at a rancho, owned by a Frenchman, an old settler. He kept a small grocery, and I bought some barley for my mule, for which I had to pay an extravagant price.

Although having been informed that but a week previous to my arrival, a Polish Jew, a pedlar, had been murdered but a few miles from this rancho, and the sun having nearly vanished behind the horizon, I was not invited to pass the night in the rancho, and feeling too independent to beg for hospitality, I left. The road which lay before me was described to me as one of the most difficult ones in the southern counties of California, and I found this to be correct. I will confess that the narrative of the atrocious murders that have been committed in these mountains, and the description of the difficulties which the traveller encounters, by ascending many steep mountains, had a tendency of reducing my ardor for travelling a little; and if there had been another road by which I might travel to Santa Barbara, I would have chosen the same; but there was no alternative, the dark cañon into which the road led had already engulfed me with its ominous mouth, and the last rays of the sun were gilding the summits of the frowning mountains. I proceeded to select a fitting camping place. Pasture being everywhere in abundance, my mule was quickly provided for, and I extinguished the fire carefully that I had lit, and over which I had prepared my coffee.

Although I am an old soldier and an experienced traveller, and having seen too much of the realities of life to have a timorous tendency, I felt a certain degree of depression, as of impending danger, out of which I endeavored to rouse myself by treating the same as a natural consequence, caused by the accounts of murders on the fore-going day. Sleep did not visit my eye till the night was far advanced, when nature succumbed to the influence of the drowsy god. The rays of the morning sun shone on my face when I awoke, and my mule was lying near me, having filled herself with wild oats. I smiled inwardly at the stupidity of my lucubrations, and having saddled my mule, rode off, much refreshed and in good spirits.

The cañon was ascending gradually, and became very narrow and every minute darker. A small stream, clear as crystal, bounded through the length of it, from rock to rock, and forming cascades now and then, caused a roaring noise. The entire cañon was lined with brush and shadowy trees, which relieved the excessive heat of the sun as the day advanced. Gradually the road became worse, the ascent steeper and the heat greater. Often I was compelled to dismount, in order to relieve my poor mule, when ascending an almost perpendicular passage, and some of which latter could only be attempted by a zig-zag motion. After having passed numerous ravines, gulches, &c., places in their aspect most favorable for the operations of banditti, I arrived on a small and level plain, covered with trees and brushwood, thousands of feet above the level of the sea. I rode along briskly, when suddenly I saw emerging from a clump of trees, and from the opposite direction, a horseman, whom I took for a vaquero, for he carried a lasso in his hand. He approached in a gallop, and, when nearly by my side, suddenly threw his lasso at me. I saw the motion, and stooped low upon the neck of my mule; the lasso glanced away from my head and caught that of the mule, which was forced round while the lasso was tightening. The fellow dashed forward, and did not perceive his error at first, thinking me undoubtedly securely ensnared and tumbling to the ground presently; when he looked back, however, and becoming aware of his blunder, he dropped the lasso



VIEW OF NEBRASKA CITY, NEBRASKA TERRITORY, FROM THE IOWA SHORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT. SEE FIRST PAGE.

(Written expressly for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.)

### THE BEAUTIFUL VAGRANT: A TALE OF LIFE'S CHANCES AND CHANGES.

By Mrs. M. S. B. Dana Shindler.

#### CHAPTER L.

I HAD one day been seated by my sister, talking of bygone days. She never alluded to Harry's early love, but always spoke of him with a reverence and a fervor which went to my heart, and I felt almost rebellious at the fate which had separated them. She had immediately discovered Harry's affection for Mary, and had at first endeavored to promote their union; but, with woman's quick perception, she soon saw that, while Mary loved and revered Harry, any allusion to their being united by the nearest and dearest tie annoyed and distressed her.

Then she began to watch Mary closely. They were all the time together, Mary being scarcely willing to leave my sister long enough to take the necessary exercise. Bettie was housekeeper, shopper and nurse by turns, and was the life of the household; but Mary was always at the side of the dear and lovely invalid, who, in her turn, could scarcely bear her out of her sight. It did my heart good to see them together.

While we were thus seated, the invalid in her armchair and I beside her, Mary came in. She looked pale and anxious, and we both concluded that something unusual had occurred. But she sat down beside us without a word. Then, taking from the table a purse which she was knitting, with a deep sigh she began her work.

My sister and I exchanged glances, and, by a silent communion of the eyes, asked each other if we should inquire of Mary the cause of her dejection. My sister nodded to me, and then indicated by a motion of her head that I should undertake the task.

"Mary," said I, "what makes you look so sad? Has anything occurred to distress you?"

"Oh," replied Mary, "I'm distressed to see dear cousin Mary so sick."

"But she is not worse than usual to-day?"

"No, cousin Dick, but—"

"Come Mary," said I, "but me no buts; out with it; I know you have something to tell me."

She shook her head and went on with her knitting. Presently my sister motioned to me to go out, which I did, thinking that perhaps Mary might talk more freely to her.

I went into the parlor, took up a book, and tried to read. After awhile in came Bettie, and then Harry, and we talked, read and mused by turns. I was very anxious to return to my sister to ascertain what discoveries she might have made, but was quite as anxious not to interrupt Mary and herself before they had finished their conference. After waiting what seemed to me a very long time I arose and began to walk the floor. At length I could bear my suspense no longer, and went to my sister's room. Just as I reached the door Mary rushed by me, fled swiftly into the room which was called hers, though she seldom occupied it, slammed the door after her, and I heard the lock turn.

"What's in the wind now?" said I to myself.

I entered my sister's room she stretched forth her hands, both of which I took, while I stooped down to kiss her cheek. She was looking more like her former self than I had seen her do since my arrival; her long conversation with Mary had brought a bright color to her cheek, and an unusual lustre to her eye; and there was a look about her, a likeness to somebody, which had struck me before, but never so forcibly as now.

"Well, Mary," said I, "have you found it out?"

"I've found out a good deal, brother," was her reply; "some things which I suspected before, and others of which I knew nothing. Of one thing I am now certain; I've been watching closely, and have suspected it all along; Mary loves you."

"I hope she does," said I, perfectly unconscious of her meaning; "what makes you talk so, Mary?"

"Brother," said she, "do you pretend that you don't understand me?"

"What are you driving at, Mary?" said I; "is there anything mysterious in what I have said? Of course I know that Mary loves me; she has known no other father for a long time."

"Father! Pshaw!"

"What on earth do you mean, Mary? Pray explain yourself!"

"Brother, which is oldest, you or Harry? Tell me that, will you?"

"Why, Harry, of course."

"And yet you want Mary to marry Harry; you don't talk of him as a father. I wish she would marry him, poor dear girl, and not be throwing away her rich young heart on you."

I stared hard at my sister. I received for the first time into my mind a possibility which for several months had been on the point of entering there, but which, as it was in direct contradiction to all my resolutions, views and hopes, had never quite effected a lodgment. The blood rushed to my brain with the greatness of the shock, and I jumped up from my chair, and strode rapidly up and down the room, endeavoring to calm my excited feelings. My sister knew me well enough to let me alone.

At length I calmed myself in a measure, and once more seated myself beside my sister.

"Did Mary tell you this?" I asked.

"Oh, no, brother, no!" exclaimed my sister.

"Well, what makes you think that anything so unfortunate could have happened?"

"Why unfortunate?" asked my sister; "explain that to me first, and then I will tell you what I know about it."

"My dear Mary," said I, "you know what an invalid I was in early life, so much so that none of you thought I could live from one year to another. Being confined at home during all the long northern winters, I read everything; I could lay my hands on, and among other books I read a great many medical ones. These convinced me that, diseased as I was, I ought never to think of marrying, and accordingly I early put away from me all thought of that kind of domestic happiness, determining, however, to make myself happy in some other way. After I found little Mary in New York, I began seriously to lay my plans for the future. I would bring her up, I thought, to be my daughter; she should never leave me; if she married, I should live with her, and be happy in her children."

"A very pleasant prospect," interrupted my sister; "you are a most unselfish mortal, brother. But go on."

"I don't know that I have anything more to say," said I. "Don't you think my resolution was a correct one?"

"Perhaps it was, at that time," she replied; "but, brother, circumstances have changed very much since then. Is not your health now entirely established? Is it not possible to outlive a constitutional tendency to disease? It strikes me, brother, that you are as sound a man as can be found anywhere."

I leaned my head on my hand, closed my eyes, and began to reflect. I was almost stunned by the suddenness and greatness of the ideas which were striking me, one after another. While I remained thus thoughtful and silent, my sister continued:

"You must reflect upon this matter, brother; you have the happiness of another to consult. I am confident that Mary will never leave you for another. She is not conscious, perhaps, of the nature of her feelings for you—"

I interrupted my sister. "But it will never be necessary for her to leave me, even if she marries Harry, or anybody else. I could not part with her, Mary."

"Well, brother, I am no matchmaker," said Mary, "but I want you to reflect on what I have said."

And reflect I did.

#### CHAPTER LI.

I WENT to my chamber, and locked myself in. Backwards and forwards, up and down the room I walked, recalling a thousand little circumstances in Mary's conduct that had puzzled me, more especially during the last few months. Her manner had certainly changed; there was a diffidence, a reserve, a consciousness, which did not seem quite natural; and sometimes for days she had, I thought, almost avoided me. Sometimes I almost came to the conclusion that my sister was right, and hardly knew whether to be sorry or joyful; and then I would denounce myself for my folly in allowing a mere imagination of my sister's to disarrange all my thoughts, and overturn the plans I had been all my life in forming.

Then I recollect Mary's flushed and excited appearance when she rushed past me as I was entering my sister's room. What was the cause of that? Had she been confessing to my sister her love for me? My sister had said not, but perhaps Mary had made her promise not to tell. Then I began to consider my own condition. Was it not possible that I had entirely outlived my youthful delicacy of constitution? Might I not, perhaps, enjoy, as well as others, the pure delights of connubial bliss without the risk of transmitting to posterity a fatal and lingering disease? The very possibility of such a thing completely unnerved me, but I determined to consult some eminent physician on the subject, and if I could be convinced that I was free from disease, why then—but I could hardly bear the delightful hopes which came rushing into my mind, and I determined to dismiss the subject, if I could, for the present.

Just then some one knocked at the door. I opened it, and there stood mom Dido, who informed me that my sister wanted to see me. All at once I recollect the conversation I had overheard between George and herself on that day when we were all decorating the church for Christmas. So I made her come in, shut the door, and



TRANSPORTATION OF GOVERNMENT SUPPLIES—OUTFITTING BUILDINGS AT NEBRASKA CITY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT. SEE FIRST PAGE.

began to talk with her, hoping that she might say something on the subject I had just resolved to dismiss from my mind.

"Mom Dido," said I, "how do you like being away from Carolina?"

"Mass' Richard," said she, "dey ain't no place like old Carliny, but den I willin' for stay yer while de Lord hab any ting for me to do. I lub my chilien yer, an' I lub my chilien dey, an' I do'no which one I lub de bes'."

"Mom Dido, have you ever seen or heard anything of that man that was on the boat with us?"

"No, Mass' Richard, nutt'n tall; an' yet someting dat troublin' Miss Mary, I see dat."

"Could she have seen him?"

"I can't tink how he could bin see um, Mass' Richard; he neber go out nowhers."

"Perhaps something is troubling her mind, mom Dido."

"I tink dat myself, Mass' Richard."

"Mom Dido, I overheard you and George talking one day in Carolina. You were speaking of Mary and Harry, and I heard George say two or three times, 'Mass' Harry can't have Miss Mary; what did he mean by that?'

"Mass' Dick, I no bin know what he bin mean at de time, but I know now."

"Well, what was it?"

"I don't tink I kin tell you, Mass' Dick."

"Why not?"

"Cos it bin someting 'bout you, Mass' Dick."

"About me?"

"Yes, sir, dat it was; he bin tell me at'ward what he bin' mean."

"You ought to tell me, mom Dido; no harm can come of it, and perhaps I ought to know it."

"Well, may be so, Mass' Richard; anyhow I gwine tell you. De reason why George bin say Mass' Harry can't have Miss Mary was cos Miss Mary no bin lub Mass' Harry; he lub you, my chile."

"Why, mom Dido! how you do talk? What do you think about it?"

"I tink dat berry same ting, Mass' Richard."

"Well, mom Dido," said I, "I'll think about it, too, but I suspect you are mistaken. Did you say my sister wanted to see me?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, "he say I must ax you for come dey."

I went to her room and found her still alone. I told her of the conversation I had just had with Dido, and she did not seem to be surprised at it, but expressed her wonder that I could not perceive what had been so evident to others. I told her I was not yet convinced that her suspicions were correct, "and Mary," said I, "this is an important and delicate subject, and requires calm and profound consideration. Can you tell me what made the dear child look so much excited when I met her coming out of your room?"

"I had been talking to her about Harry," said my sister, "and she evaded the subject in every possible way; but when I told her it was the desire of your heart to see her and Harry united she flushed up to the roots of her hair, and said, 'Don't tell me that again, cousin Mary, I can't bear it! Anything but that!' And then she rushed out of the room, and you met her just as you were coming in. I had been suspecting the truth for several days, and had watched her and tested her in various ways, and her manner then completed my conviction. I am just as certain that she has set her heart on you as if she had told me so with her own lips. Poor Harry!"

When I first returned to my sister's room, I had found her more excited than when I left her. She now took a letter from her pocket, looked at it, seemed to hesitate, and finally put it back again.

She then put her hand on her heart, as if she would still its beating, and said, "Brother, *that man* is here, in this city!"

"Is that letter from him?" I inquired.

"Yes, it is," she answered; "but I don't want you to see it. He wants more money."

"If you want me to do anything about it, Mary," said I, "you must give me your entire confidence. You must not withhold anything from me. Will you let me see the letter?"

"Brother," answered Mary, in a hesitating tone, "I don't want you nor Harry to come in contact with that man. He says, and says truly, that it is dangerous for any man to cross his path and try to thwart his plans. I know it is, brother; he sent more than one man to his last account while we were in Italy. My poor husband was dreadfully afraid of him."

"That may be," said I, "but remember, Mary, we are not now in Italy. Let me see the letter, I'm not afraid of him."

She handed it to me, and it was as follows:

"MADAM—I must have more money. If I don't get it you will rue the day you ever saw my face or my brother's. You know me and had better not trifile with me. I give you three days to get the money; you can deposit it under that round stone in the south-west corner of the garden; if it is not there at the end of three days, look out for yourself! You know me!"

X. X."

"You select something, cousin Richard."

"Well, then," said I, "I feel like hearing Romeo and Juliet. Have you any objection to that?"

"None in the world," she answered; and accordingly she took the book and began to read.

#### CHAPTER LII.

WHEN she came to the place where old Montague describes the condition of his love-sick son, I let her read on to the end, and then interrupted her. "Mary," said I, "what do you think of Romeo? Don't you think he was a consummate ninny?"

"How, cousin Richard?" said she, blushing; "what do you mean? Explain yourself."

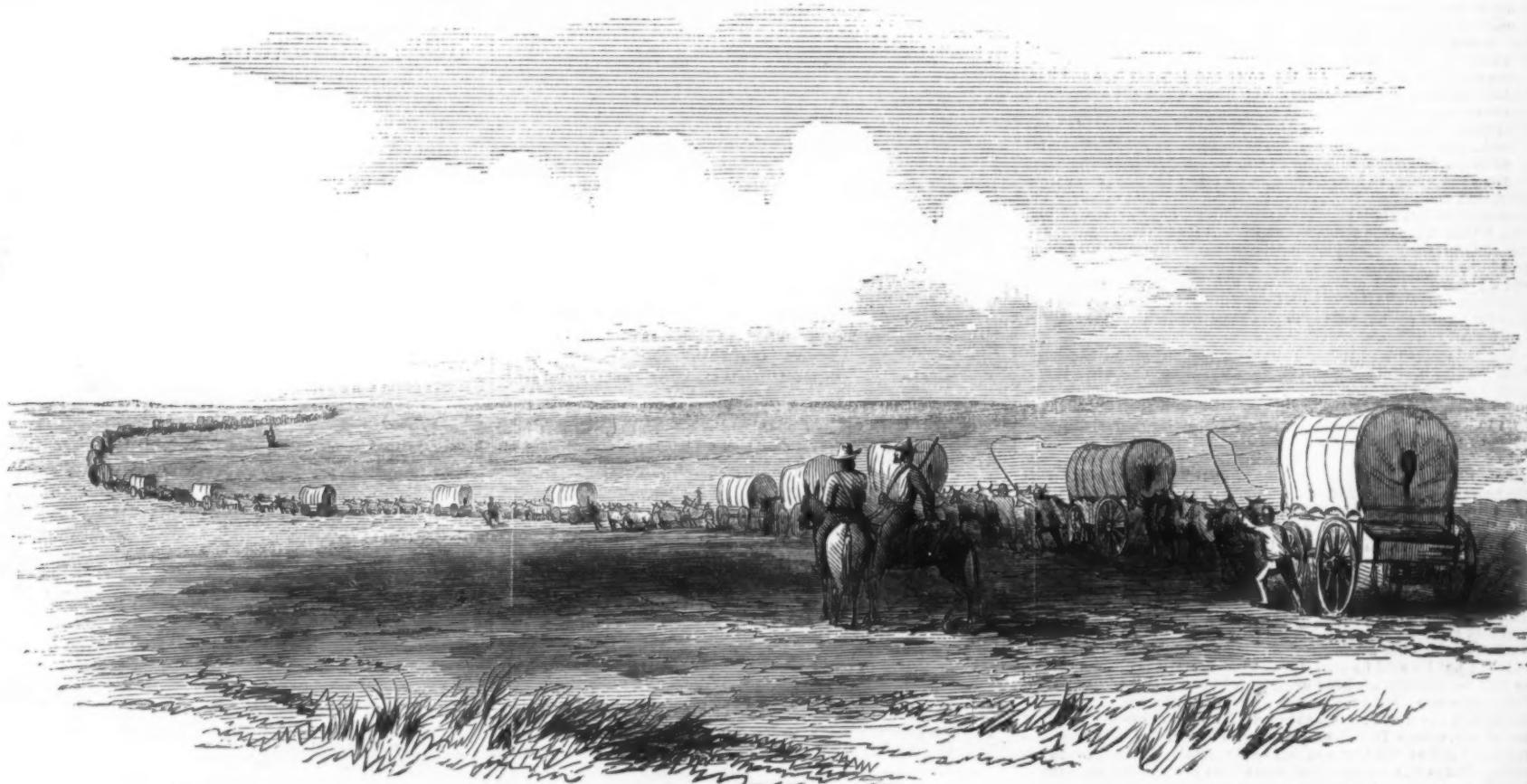
"Why," said I, "crying till he wept more tears than the morning dew; sighing till he added to the clouds; shutting himself up in his chamber all day long, and so forth and so on."

"Ah, cousin Dick," said Mary, "he jests at scars who never felt a wound! You think because you are superior to the weakness of failing in love all others ought to have your strength."

Hum! thought I to myself, she bears the test bravely; but there's still too much of a look of resignation in her countenance. "Read on, Mary," said I.



DIVINE SERVICE AT NEBRASKA CITY, ATTENDED BY THE EMPLOYEES OF RUSSELL, MAJORS AND WADDELL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT. SEE FIRST PAGE.



GOVERNMENT TRAIN EN ROUTE TO UTAH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT. SEE FIRST PAGE.

"I must keep this letter, Mary," said I, as I folded it and put it into my pocket; it is an important document, and may lead to the fellow's apprehension. Make yourself perfectly easy about him."

"But my child, my son," said Mary, with quivering lips, "he says nothing about him."

"My poor dear sister," said I, "hope for nothing from the promises of such a man. If your son is still living, your only hope of finding him is in having that fellow brought to justice. While he has the least hope of being able to extort money from you, he will continue to conceal him, and to keep you in the dark."

"Oh, God! give me patience under this trial," said my sister, clasping her hands together and looking upwards; and again that likeness, that look that I had seen before, and yet could not tell where, struck me with more force than ever.

Just then our dear "little Mary," as we now sometimes called her, entered the room. My readers must not suppose that this name at all described her, she was only little Mary by comparison, for my sister Mary was unusually tall, while "little Mary" was a little above the medium stature. She had the most graceful, flexible, perfect figure I had ever seen, and take her altogether, face, figure, heart and mind, she was a wonderfully gifted being.

I felt my heart swell with the intensity of my feelings as she entered the room, but resolved to try to keep calm, and to still its throbings, that I might judge for myself of the true state of her affections.

I suppose that in the solitude of her chamber she had been wrestling with her own heart, for her countenance wore an air of perfect resignation, and she looked me unflinchingly in the eye, as she took her accustomed seat beside my sister. "Shall I read to you, cousin Mary?" she asked.

"If you feel like it, my dear child."

"What shall I read?"

"Anything you please."

"Richard."

"Well, then," said I, "I feel like hearing Romeo and Juliet. Have you any objection to that?"

"None in the world," she answered; and accordingly she took the book and began to read.

Soon after came Benvolio's advice to Romeo :

"Take thou some new infection to thine eye,  
And the rare poison of the old will die."

"What do you think of that, Mary?" I asked.

"I don't think it is good advice, cousin Dick," she replied; "one might resign oneself to live without the beloved object, when it would be torture to put another in the place of that object. I don't think it was good advice."

She then closed the book and begged to be excused from reading any longer, declaring that she did not feel well. Poor child! we little knew how we had tried her. And she had other troubles of which she had not told us, but more of that hereafter.

We sat together for some time, conversing on various topics, but more especially on one arrangement which I had much at heart. This was to remove my darling sister to our home in Carolina, for by this time I had learned to consider General Worthington's house as more my home than any other. My sister would have favored the project if she had not supposed herself to be drawing near her end, but she appeared to think that she could never get there, and that she might grow worse, and be detained in some place where she would be denied the comforts to which she had been accustomed, and which are so necessary to the suffering invalid.

"It has been such a blessing to me to have you here, my dear brother," she said, "and to see Harry and the two dear girls, that it seems ungrateful in me to ask for more; and yet I would like to see and know all those dear ones you have left in Carolina before I die."

"And you shall see them, my sister," I answered; "I am not sure but a journey taken under pleasant circumstances, and when the spring is a little more advanced, would not prolong your life."

"I would like to live for one thing more than for all others," said my sister, "and that is to find my son. But remember, brother, I rely upon your promise never to give up the search until you are convinced that nothing more can be done."

I began to protest that nothing should turn me from the object that was dearest to her heart and to mine, when I saw her suddenly change color, close her eyes, and lean her head back as if fainting. Mary and I sprang at the same moment, raised her up together, and laid her on the bed, and then began to apply the usual restoratives. She often had such turns when she had been more than usually excited or fatigued, and we knew just what to do for her. My poor, dear sister! She had been a sufferer for many a long year, and the frail body was almost worn out in the conflict. Mary, too, looked as if she had great need of recreation, and, as Bettie and Harry had by this time come in, I persuaded her to go with me to walk. She had confined herself closely with our dear invalid, and began to look very thin and pale.

It was a beautiful day in early spring. The leaves were just appearing on the trees, and the birds hopped from bough to bough, as if in joy that the long and dreary winter was over and gone, and the warm, genial summer was next to come. I felt the inspiring influence of the season, and so, I presume, did Mary, for a warmer color came to her cheeks than had been there of late, and she looked up into my eyes with childlike confidence, yet with that same air of resignation of which I have spoken.

We had wandered quite out of the city, and were now arrived at a beautiful grove of cedars, which, from the rustic seats which had there been placed, was evidently a favorite resort. But at this time we were quite alone, and I led Mary to one of the shady benches, seated her thereon, and took my place beside her. I had made up my mind to have a free and full conversation with her, but I hardly knew how to begin; and we sat for some time in silence, each pursuing, perhaps, a separate train of thought.

At length I spoke. "Mary," said I, "why can we not understand each other?"

She started, and began to tremble. Then her eye glanced quickly up to mine, and as quickly fell, and she began to rub her hands together, a habit she had when excited. "About what, cousin Richard?" said she at length. "About everything, Mary," I replied; "your manner has changed towards me; and I sometimes wish you were a little child again, that I may take you to my heart as I did then, not only spiritually but bodily."

"God knows I wish so too," said she quickly, while a rich color overspread her face and neck.

"Well," said I, smiling, "I have been very foolish and inconsiderate, Mary; it has been hard for me to realize that you are a woman—that you are no longer a child. I suppose it would not do for you to nestle on my bosom as you used to do; people would misunderstand it, wouldn't they?"

She looked distressed, but made out to say, "I couldn't do it myself, cousin Richard."

"Not if you had a right to do it, Mary?" I asked. "Not if you were my daughter?"

"But I am not your daughter," she said, hastily, and, I thought, almost angrily.

I felt that I was trying her too severely, and hastened to remove the impression I had made. "Mary," said I, "our situation is a very peculiar one. I might, I ought to have foreseen all this, or rather the possibility of this state of things; but, to tell you the truth, Mary, I had so long regarded myself as entirely out of the pale of all matrimonial possibilities, that—"

She started to her feet. All the color had left her face and lips, and she pressed her hands upon her heart while she said, "Not another word, my preserver! my more than father! my best friend! If I have betrayed my secret, if I have shown to all the world what a weak, silly fool I am, will not, oh, cannot you be merciful, and let it make no difference with you? Oh, cousin Richard! why were you so good to me, so kind? and why have you not kept away from me? But don't misunderstand me! God knows I have never expected anything, never hoped for anything; I have compared you with all the other men that I have seen, and you seem so far above them! Harry is next to you, but he is not you! And all I wish, all I hope for, is to spend my life near you, being to you a comfort and a blessing! That is all—is it wrong? God knows my feelings for you are pure and holy—and I am willing to be all my life as I am now; but I am not willing to place another in a nearer relation to me than you!"

She had spoken with so much impetuosity, the words had poured from her lips in such a torrent, that I had not been able to put in a word; and, as I had learned in my long intercourse with her, that there was a peculiar intensity about all her feelings, I thought it best to let her have free scope, and then I knew that her mind would sooner regain its equilibrium.

I persuaded her to sit once more beside me, and she soon grew calm. I then attempted to renew the conversation, starting from the point at which she had interrupted me, when she gave me one of her pleading looks, which was, however, more full of calmness and childlike confidence than the looks she had lately bestowed upon me, and said, "Dear cousin Dick, say no more to me just now. Strange as it may seem, I feel happier than I have done for a long time; I feel happier because you know what I have wanted you to know, that I love you beyond all other men. But I do not want to be misunderstood, either; I do not want you to think of me as a love-sick girl;"—she blushed beautifully when she said this, and I wanted to clasp her to my heart—"I am not what other people call in love; but I would be glad if you were my father or my brother, so that I could lean my head upon your bosom. I didn't feel so a little while ago; but I feel so now, now that you know I love you the best in the world; I feel satisfied; I want no change; and all I ask of you, cousin Dick," said she, with one of her beaming, old-fashioned smiles, "is that you will never mention this subject to me again. Perhaps, now that you know what I couldnt tell you before, I shall try to listen to the suit of our dear friend—I mean cousin Harry. Will you promise me what I ask?"

"I'll do no such thing, Mary," said I, taking her hand; for I began to feel that a happiness beyond my wildest dreams might yet be

in store for me. "I'll make no such promise; it is too much to ask; all I am willing to promise is that I'll sleep upon the matter to-morrow—"

"No, not to-morrow!" she hastily interrupted; "promise me that you will let the master rest for a week. You surely will make that promise, it is my particular request."

"Well then, for a week; yes, I promise."

"There's a good soul!" said she, with something of her old cheerfulness. "And now," she continued, "I want to tell you something. I have had another secret for the last four days, one which has tortured me not a little. But we have been too long from cousin Mary; let us walk towards home, and I will tell you as we go."

(To be continued.)

### OH, IF MY LADY NOW WERE BY!

"Oh, if my lady now were by!"

The brave Fleurange with rapture cried,

As every peril he defied,

And fearless scaled the fortress high.

He proudly bore the flag of France,

And, guarding it with flashing eye,

Cried, every time he smote his lance,

"Oh, if my lady now were by!"

They feasted well the gallant knight,

And games and tournaments there were,

And likewise many ladies fair,

Whose eyes with looks of love were bright.

A piercing glance, a winning smile,

His constancy would often try;

But he would say—and sigh the while—

"Oh, if my lady now were by!"

Our chevalier was hurt at last,

While guarding well the flag of France;

And, smitten by the foeman's lance,

Was from his saddle rudely cast.

He thought the fatal hour was near,

And said: "Alas! 'tis hard to die,

So far away from all that's dear—

"Oh, if my lady now were by!"

Descendants of those knights of old,

Ob, may ye, for your country's sake,

Your fathers for example take—

Their noble words—their actions bold.

And Fleurange, may the motto be

A charm to make all hearts beat high

That all may proudly cry, like thee,

"Oh, if my lady now were by!"

ANNIE HERBERT'S DOOM.

"THE time has come, my dear friend, for the fulfilment of your promise to assist at my wedding in the capacity of bridesmaid. Gerald is impatient, and a day has been fixed early in October for our nuptials. Come to me at least a week before that time, for I have much to tell you. I cannot share the last hours of my maidenhood with any other but yourself. Do not disappoint me."

So wrote my friend, Annie Herbert, the intimate associate of my school-days, and the cherished friend and correspondent of the few years since we had left the seminary and entered society. It was now more than a year since we had met, and during that time a new leaf had been opened in her heart-history. She had formed the acquaintance of Gerald McLellan, during a visit in the Highlands, to an old aunt, whose pride and poverty, like that of many another Scotch dowager, conspired to keep her a prisoner in her ancestral castle during the greater part of the year. At first Annie only spoke of him as "the bonnie Highland laird, who was breaking the hearts of all the ladies within twenty miles around," and intimated that she had no fellowship for such doings, and if the gay deerler flourished in her train, and it was not at all likely he ever would, she would read him a lesson. Two or three letters later, she observed that she had met Mr. McLellan, and he was neither so fascinating nor so dangerous as had been represented; that he had a warm heart, a clear head, and if he was a little vain it wasn't to be wondered at, when all the girls in the country were at swords' points for his sake. For her part, she thought he was really to be pitied; and though he was far from realizing her ideas of a lover, she was inclined to make a friend of him, just to show him that there was one disinterested woman in the world.

Of course, after that, I wasn't surprised that every letter contained at least a page or two devoted to the esoteric glorification of her new-found friend, nor was I very greatly amazed when, one day, I read:

"What will you think of me when I tell you that I am engaged? Yes, engaged to Gerald McLellan. It seems strange even to me, and yet it has been a very natural process. I am in no mood for philosophising now, so I cannot explain the how or the wherefore, only I know that I love him with my whole heart, and I am equally certain of his perfect devotion to me. We shall not be married just yet. Gerald is intended for the army, and it may be some time before it will be convenient for him to be burdened with a wife; but one of these days it will surely come. Oh! Lizzie, I live in a dream now, and am sometimes afraid I do not seem very rational to other people. Till you see my Gerald, though, and then you, who know my heart so well, will easily pardon my enthusiasm."

And so the wedding-day was fixed—and very soon my light-hearted and happy little friend would assume the mighty responsibilities of wedlock. I must see her first, and know something more certainly of the basis upon which she founded all her brilliant hopes of happiness.

A lovely October day found me slowly wending my way towards the Scottish border, in an old-fashioned and tedious post-chaise. The exceeding wildness and beauty of the scenery so enchanted me that I had almost forgotten the object of my journey, and the fact that I was approaching its end, when we stopped in a quaint old village, before the door of a comfortable-looking inn, and I was reminded that I had reached my destination. A carriage was in waiting to convey me to Glenanna, which was some three miles distant.

I scarcely know how to describe to you Annie Herbert's home; and yet the pictures which it daubed upon my mind, that golden October evening, were touched with fadeless tints. Imagine a low, old-fashioned stone house, its walls half hidden with ivy and climbing vines, surrounded by a few acres of orchard and meadow land, with bleak pastures extending far up on the hillsides, and a tiny lakelet, half hidden by forest trees, upon the left; the whole surrounded by a circular sweep of bristling mountain, through a dell of which you entered the charming enclosure. Then over all, imagine the golden and purple glory of an October sunset thereon, and you will have a faint idea of the scene which greeted my vision, as the old servant, who had been sent to escort me, exclaimed,

"There, miss, is Glenanna; as brav a spot to my auld o'en as there is in a' the countrie."

Anne had been watching for me from the window, and scarcely had we appeared in sight, when the door flew open, and I could distinguish her fairy form on the piazza.

"Welcome! welcome a thousand times to Glenanna," was her cordial greeting. "It was so kind in you to heed my request, and come early. I was half afraid, after all, that you would disappoint me;" and the warm-hearted creature presented me only to the family, and then led me off in triumph to her own room.

All the glowing descriptions of Gerald, all the brilliant hopes and plans, all the overflowing enthusiasm of love which were poured out into my listening ear and heart, would scarcely interest the reader; yet they were full of a pleasing, yet, in spite of myself, a mournful sequence to me. I had lived in this world, it is true, but a few years longer than my little friend, yet I had seen a very different phase of life—one fraught with far deeper and more startling significance. I had learned the sad lesson which must come sooner or later to every human heart—that however fond and pleasing the promises which the future may hold out alluringly before us, yet

"The trail of the serpent is over them all;"

deceitfulness lurks in the shadow of every one.

The very descriptions which she gave of her lover filled me with uneasiness; a dim, vague apprehension of evil, with which it would have been cruel to disturb the serenity of her young heart—if, indeed, and suggestions of mine could have had power to disturb her, which I very much doubt, so perfect was her trust in Gerald—so unbound her confidence in his generosity and devotion.

On the third day before that appointed for the wedding Gerald arrived. Reader, you shall have my first impressions of him, as he rode up the avenue, the headmost of a party of young men who had accompanied him from his Highland home.

He was tall and admirably formed, and rode with matchless grace a large, iron-gray horse. Some whim, very possibly an impulse of vanity, for it became him, had led him to adopt the costume of a Highland chief; and from his bonnet of rich blue velvet, a long, snowy plume swept back over his shoulders, adding an imitative grace to all the movements of his finely-formed and slightly haughty head. His complexion was purely Saxon, and his clear blue eyes shone out with a light so brilliant and alluring, that I did not wonder it had sent a thrill to so many fairhearts; and all his features, not regular, yet noble in their contour, beamed with vivacity and joy. He was striking in his

appearance, and as Annie had prophesied, I soon found myself pardoning, if not justifying, in my own heart, all her rapturous enthusiasm.

He sprang from his horse, saluted us all with a sleeping but courteous and graceful bow, and pressing a kiss upon either cheek of his fair young bride, advanced with manly dignity and pride to pay his respects to her parents, and introduce his kinsmen.

From that hour I comprehended the spell which had wrought so powerfully upon Annie's fortune and destiny; and I felt, weak-hearted woman that I was, a pang of envy.

"You," I said, "to whom fortune has already given a happy home, the indulgence of every wish, the caressing fondness of scores of tender hearts, why should you win the priceless treasure of such a love, while utter barrenness and famine of heart food are the portion of others who are as good, ay, better, perhaps, than you?"

Short-sighted mortal that I was! Two years from that time, how different was my judgment. To him who sees with sleepless, vigilant eye, the end from the beginning, how greatly disproportioned are the sorrows of his loving, suffering children! Is He not, after all, a just and impartial Father?

During the next three days I had little opportunity for confidential chat with Annie; I slept with her nights to be sure, but she was too much wearied with the fatigue and excitement of the day to give any time to conversation; so every night I gathered her in my arms and folded her tiny hands upon my bosom, as I had been wont to do in our old school-days; and often in the silent watches of the night I woke and felt the calm pulsing of her heart against my own, and pressed the soft head with its sunny shower of ringlets closer to my bosom, and wondered if it would always be thus securely sheltered within the folding arms of Love. But on the eve of the wedding-day, when we retired to our chamber, Annie said to me:

"Lizzie, darling, I cannot sleep to-night; will you watch with me a little while?"

"I will do anything to please you, Annie," I replied; "but you will have need of all your strength and courage to-morrow—ought you not to sleep all you can to-night?"

"I tell you," she said impatiently, "I cannot sleep—it is out of the question. I was never so positively and persistently wakeful in my life as I am this moment."

I pleaded vainly with her to alter her resolution, and then, as usual, submitted to her dictation.

"Now," said she, "I am going to put out this glaring candle, and we will have only the moonlight in the room, and then you shall sit down on this lounge, and I will lay my head upon your bosom and tell you something."

She arranged it all herself, and at last, with her face nestled in its chosen resting-place, she looked up half nervously, half trustingly into my face, and said:

"I want to tell you something. Do you know I have been haunted all day with a presentiment?"

"A presentiment!" I exclaimed. "It has been a presentiment of happiness, judging from your gaiety."

"So you really think me lovely?" she asked, and then, reaching her hand up to his shoulder, she looked pleadingly into his eyes, and added—

"Would to God I might die, rather than that you should ever think less of me than at this moment."

"Never fear, little one," he added, gaily; "I am a most perfect and willing slave to your charms; you shall see, love, if I do not always continue so."

That wild, despairing look came over her face, but with more resolution than I had thought her capable of, she dispersed it, and smiled again.

Gerald had recently received a captain's commission in the army, and after a short wedding tour, he proceeded with his charming bride to his station.

During the next year I did not meet them, but Annie's letters assured me frequently of her happiness. I thought that their tone gradually altered, and I fancied that he was becoming more sedate and matronly. She never alluded to the strange events which immediately preceded her wedding, and I began to think that, after all, her flight had probably been occasioned by the restlessness of an excited imagination.

On the second summer after their marriage, Captain McLevan was stationed at a seaport in the south of England, and as the town was quite a fashionable resort for invalids, among which class I then numbered myself, I determined to avail myself of the opportunity thus afforded of spending a few weeks in the society of my old friend.

Annie was rejoiced to see me, and during the first week of my stay in B—, we were almost inseparable. She had altered somewhat, as I had judged from her letters, but I thought the change a salutary one. Her spirits were less buoyant, but they were far more even, and her undisturbed cheerfulness, and her thoughtful, matronly ways were to me far more lovely than even her old enthusiasm and exuberance. Seeing her so quietly and serenely happy, I ventured to allude one day to the haunted well and the prophecy. Instantly her cheek paled, and it was after a long struggle, silent, but severe, that she was able to answer.

"Lizzie," she said, "if you love me, do not mention that night. I cannot endure it."

"Have you really so much faith in the prophecy of the well?" I asked, unable fully to realize the strength of her feeling upon the subject.

"I know that it will be fulfilled," she replied, solemnly. "My life hitherto has been as happy and untroubled as a dream; my husband is all I could desire; my friends are true, and my every earthly wish is fulfilled. Yet, Lizzie, I know, that so sure as there is a God in Heaven, this state of things will not long continue. I feel day by day, that I am drawing nearer and nearer my doom, and during this last week I have felt more than ever the spell that is upon my life. It must be so, and all that I can do is to pray for strength to endure. Lizzie, you do not know how I rejoice in your coming, for I know your presence will give me strength and comfort, and my time of trial is not far distant."

I was troubled and perplexed. I regretted that I had alluded to the forbidden theme, but she assured me that she was thankful for this opportunity of relieving her mind, by a confession of her forebodings. As the reader may judge, I watched the course of events narrowly, wondering in my own heart in what form Annie's trial was to come, and how this strange affair was to terminate.

During the very week succeeding the above conversation, there was a large ball given by the army officers, which we were all to attend. I met Annie McLevan in the dressing-room, and certainly she was never more radiantly lovely than upon that fatal night; yet I observed a shadow resting upon her brow, and when I gaily challenged her, to know its cause, she replied, leaning her head for a moment upon my shoulder:

"I do not feel well to-night. But for Gerald's persuasions I should not have come."

"Does your head ache?" I asked, knowing her to be sometimes subject to such pains.

"No," she replied, laying her hand upon her bosom, "but my heart aches."

I knew at once, by that sad look of forewarning, that it was the prophecy which troubled her, and I strove to dissipate her gloom; but my efforts were of no avail. Yet when she joined her husband, and took his kindly proffered arm, her countenance lighted up with a genial smile, and he complimented her upon her excellent spirit.

It was late in the evening, the dancing was going on with spirit, and Annie and myself stood admiring the gay and brilliant scene. Suddenly she grasped my arm, and pointing across the hall, exclaimed, in a tone of horror,

"There she is, Lizzie, there she is! Oh, God! I knew I should see her to-night!"

"Who?" I asked, amazed at this strange outburst. "I see no one in particular."

"That tall, dark woman, who is dancing with Gerald. See—see the sneaky glitter of her eye! She is charming him even now."

I thought my friend was crazed; and, looking about, rejoiced that there was no one near enough to catch her hoarse whisper. Looking again towards Gerald, I discovered that he was, indeed, dancing with a tall, distinguished-looking woman, with whom he seemed to be very much fascinated, yet his natural gallantry and vivacity were so well known to me that I could not have attached the slightest consequence to his actions but for Annie's exclamations. I knew that she had not a particle of jealousy in her composition, but rather prided herself, on the contrary, upon her husband's gaiety and address in society, so that her emotion was quite unaccountable.

I looked at her again; there she still stood in that pale, deathlike trance, regarding with fixed and steady gaze the queenly-looking being who was standing by her husband's side. A more perfect contrast to Annie's blonde, girl-like beauty, could not be pictured. She was tall and voluptuously proportioned, and her dark, Cleopatra-like features beamed with the light of a haughty, impious spirit, a commanding will; yet now, as she stood, in a pause of the dance, twirling her fan upon her slender, jewelled fingers, and sending fascinating glances of her dark, flashing eyes upon her handsome partner, the fire of her nature seemed all subdued to softness, and you could not wonder that he hung enchanted upon the silvery utterances of her ripe, bewitching lips.

The music changed, and a sparkling waltz ensued. Captain McLevan quickly engaged his fair partner for the dance, and in his enthusiasm airily caught her in his arms as he took the graceful yet most tempting position. She arched her fine neck slightly at his freedom, and then yielding softly to the pressure of his arm, they started off in the bewildering whirl.

It was too much for Annie, and with one long-drawn sigh, which ended in a moan, she fainted. She was borne at once to the dressing-room, and a messenger dispatched for her husband. He looked uneasy and solicitous, as he bent over her pallid, drooping figure. It was long before she recovered, and when at last she opened her eyes and looked about her, it was with such an agonized moan as pierced my heart.

She saw me first. "Gerald!" she asked, in a whisper. "Where is he?"

"Here, by your side," he replied. "What shall I do for you, love?"

She raised her eyes to his, and bent upon him one long, eloquent glance of unutterable tenderness, and then folding her arms about my neck, she burst into tears.

"She is nervous," said Captain McLevan, "very nervous, indeed. I think she had better go home at once. Don't you think so, Lizzie?"

I did not know what to answer.

"No," she replied, "I cannot go yet—I will not go till you do, Gerald, and I know your duty requires you to be here."

"I cannot leave very well just now, to be sure," said the captain, "but as soon as supper is over, I will excuse myself from the further duties of the evening, and attend you home. Lizzie, will you remain here with her for a little while?"

She answered before I could.

"No, Lizzie must not remain here, neither will I. I am stronger now—take me to a sofa in the ball-room, and I will sit there."

We strove to dissuade her, but vainly; and at last I, who fathomed her motive, favored her request, and seating myself by her side, promised Gerald that I would not leave her until his return.

"By the way," said I, carelessly, when out of Annie's hearing, "who was that striking-looking lady with whom you were dancing last? She is a very elegant person."

"Yes, indeed; isn't she?" he replied; "that was Lady Montressor. Her husband, you know, is a very distinguished officer, and high in favor with her majesty."

"Indeed," I replied. "Is he present?"

"Oh, no! He is abroad in the service. Isn't she splendid-looking? I must go and resume my flirtation with her, and make myself the envy of all the room," and with a merry laugh and a gallant bow, he left me.

I did not chide Gerald for his levity, for I had a thousand times noticed Annie's perfect indifference to his attentions to other ladies, and heard her declare that she was proud of his power of pleasing.

"He doesn't care a straw for any woman in the world but me," she used to say; "but his spirits are so buoyant, and he is so fond of pleasure. Let him enjoy himself, he will prize me all the more by and by."

But to-night, although he was no more fascinated than I had seen him many times before, she evidently could satisfy herself with no such arguments.

"Oh!" she murmured, "if I can but live to get home and take him safely with me!"

Supper was over at last, but Gerald must enjoy one more waltz with Lady Montressor, and then excusing himself, he attended his wife to her room. Towards morning, however, I saw him again in the ball-room.

"Annie is asleep," he said, apologetically, "and as I am one of the managers, I really ought to be here, you know," but I knew what Circassian spell was stronger than any tie of duty to bind him to that festive scene.

Lady Montressor remained in B—, a distinguished and much courted guest. She was still young, and her accomplishments fully equalled her personal charms. As she had married exclusively for station a man of twice her years, it was not to be wondered at that she indulged her natural fondness for admiration and display to its fullest extent.

Annie's health, which was extremely delicate, prevented her going into society, and Gerald, released from his duties to her, soon became Lady Montressor's most devoted attendant. I was with Annie much, and none but myself knew the depth of affliction which weighed down her young heart. Yet she bore her trial bravely; for Gerald she had always the same sweet smile of welcome, the same trusting goodness and devotion.

"Poor fellow!" she said to me one day, "he does not yet realize his danger; but I shall save him."

What particular danger she apprehended, I could not tell, nor much as I desired to know, had I the courage to ask. Chance at last put me in possession of the knowledge which Fate had given her, and assisted, too, in bringing about the disclosure.

Lady Montressor boarded at the same hotel as myself, and I had ample op-

portunities of seeing her character, and had long since learned that there was in her soul a tremendous power of influence either for good or evil. Her fascinations were irresistible, and once the slave of her charms, there were few men who had sufficient moral strength to oppose her will; least of all had Captain McLevan. Yet study her as I might, I could never quite satisfy myself whether the evil or the good predominated in her. She evidently knew her power, but how would she use it?

Siting one day in the shaded recess of my window, I fell asleep, but was shortly awakened by the sound of voices on the balcony just outside. I was sure that the persons engaged in conversation were Captain McLevan and Lady Montressor, and their talk was evidently a confidential one. What should I do? The window was open, and the least movement would betray me. Would it be better to be silent, and satisfy my conscience by keeping inviolate any secrets that might transpire? I will not deny that I thought too of Annie, and my deep interest in her welfare seemed in part to justify my course.

"Can it be possible?" said Lady Helen, in her most insinuating tones, "that you too, Gerald, are unhappy in your domestic relations? Oh! I had thought there was no one so miserable as myself. But you, too, are a slave."

I listened eagerly for Gerald's reply.

"Do not misunderstand me," he said. "I respect my wife very much; she is a lass that is angelic. But, Helen, dearest, she is not my fitting mate. She does not satisfy my soul's deepest needs, you, my idol, do: therefore, I declare to you that I no longer love her."

"Gerald," said Lady Helen, "I know this is wrong, cruel, both to your wife and to yourself. This strange, wild, consuming love which is devouring me, I ought, both in justice to you and to all, conceal, but I cannot. You know the circumstances of my marriage. I am bound to a man whom in my very soul I despise; I never pretended to love him. I never felt the first thrill for any mortal till I met you; and now, shame that it is to me, I cannot conceal it even from you. I do love you wildly."

The most rapturous expressions of devotion greeted her from Gerald's lips.

"But, Gerald, my life," she exclaimed, "what shall I do? To-morrow, or on the next day at the farthest, my husband will return. With my hatred for him, and the strong fire of love which is burning in my bosom for you—for, Gerald, I have a strong' b of passion in my soul which few women ever feel—what shall I do? I cannot, dare not, meet him. I must fly."

Gerald was silent for a moment. She continued,

"Yes, I must leave this place. I must go alone and in disguise to some retired place upon the Continent, and there live out alone and miserable the life which my own imprudence has rendered so worthless."

She had struck the right chord at length. Gerald's generosity was touched.

"What!" he exclaimed, "shall I doom you, loveliest of women, to such miserable exile as that? Never, by heaven! No, Helen, if you fly from this place you shall not go alone. I have robbed you of your peace of mind, and lost my own at the same time. Together we have suffered, together we will abide by one fate."

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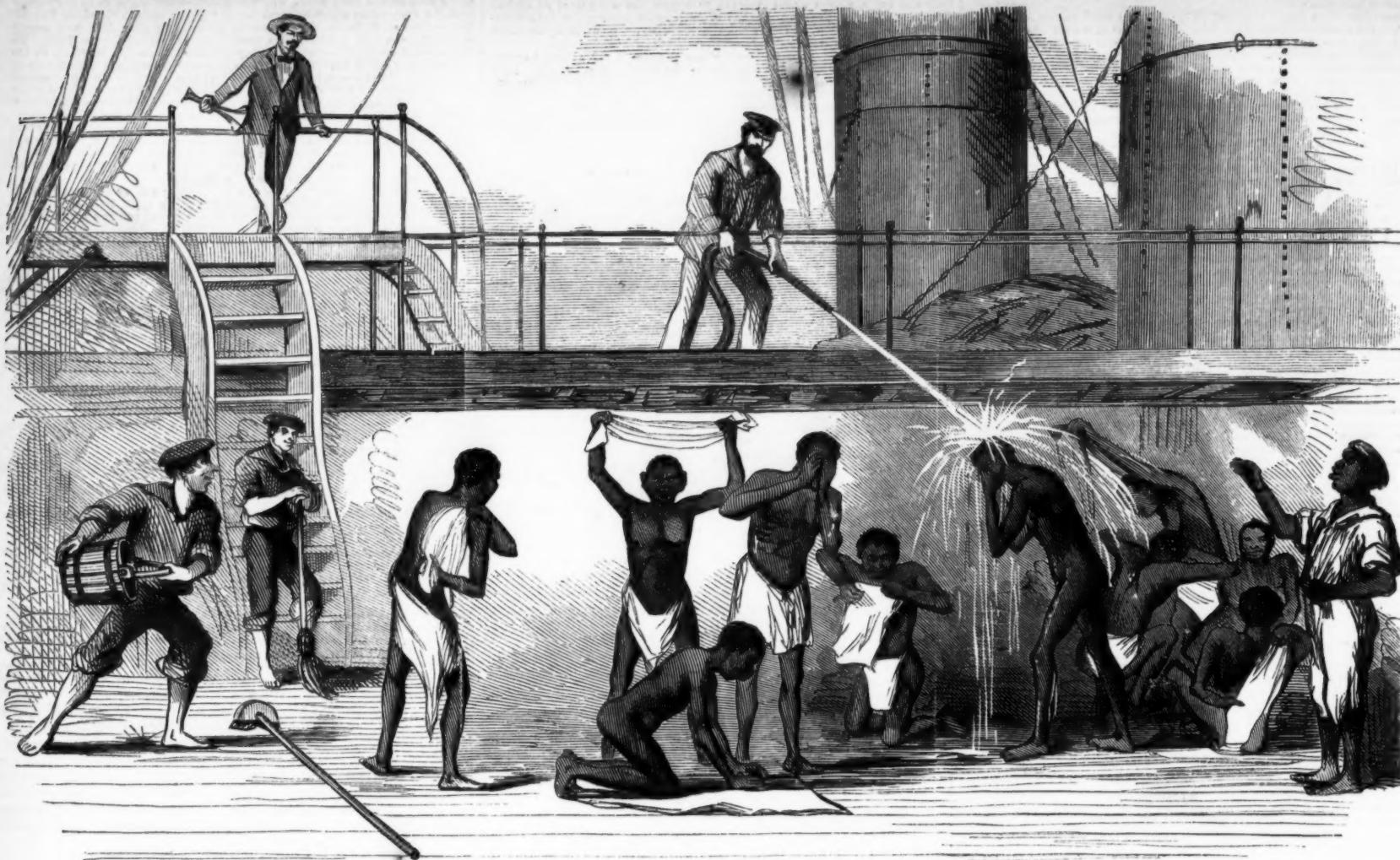
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## RETURN OF THE CAPTURED NEGROES TO AFRICA, ON BOARD THE U. S. STEAMSHIP NIAGARA.



MORNING ABLUTIONS OF THE NEGROES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

## THE RETURN OF THE CAPTURED AFRICANS.

The steam frigate Niagara left New York on the 12th of September, for the purpose of conveying the Africans taken from the slaver Echo by the United States brig Dolphin to Monrovia, Africa. She anchored within fifteen miles of Charleston on the 18th, and in course of the afternoon of the next day (Sunday), the steam tug General Clinch brought off the negroes, two hundred and seventy-one in number, and the work of getting them on board commenced immediately.

On account of the roughness of the sea it was found to be totally impracticable to attempt to get the General Clinch alongside, therefore she was made fast to the stern of the Niagara by means of large hawsers, and a tackle rigged between the two, to which was slung a large tub; the negroes being hoisted in very much in the style that coal barges discharge their cargoes.

Dr. Raney, the agent appointed by President Buchanan to superintend the delivery of the Africans into the hands of the American

Colonization Society, and to make arrangements with regard to their future support and final disposal, accompanied them, and also, as an overseer, one of the crew of the Echo, a Portuguese, known only by the name of Frank. They were supplied with a large amount of clothing, shoes, tobacco and provisions, although the two latter named articles are the only ones needed by them in their own country. Having concluded all the business, the Niagara left Charleston on Tuesday, the 21st.

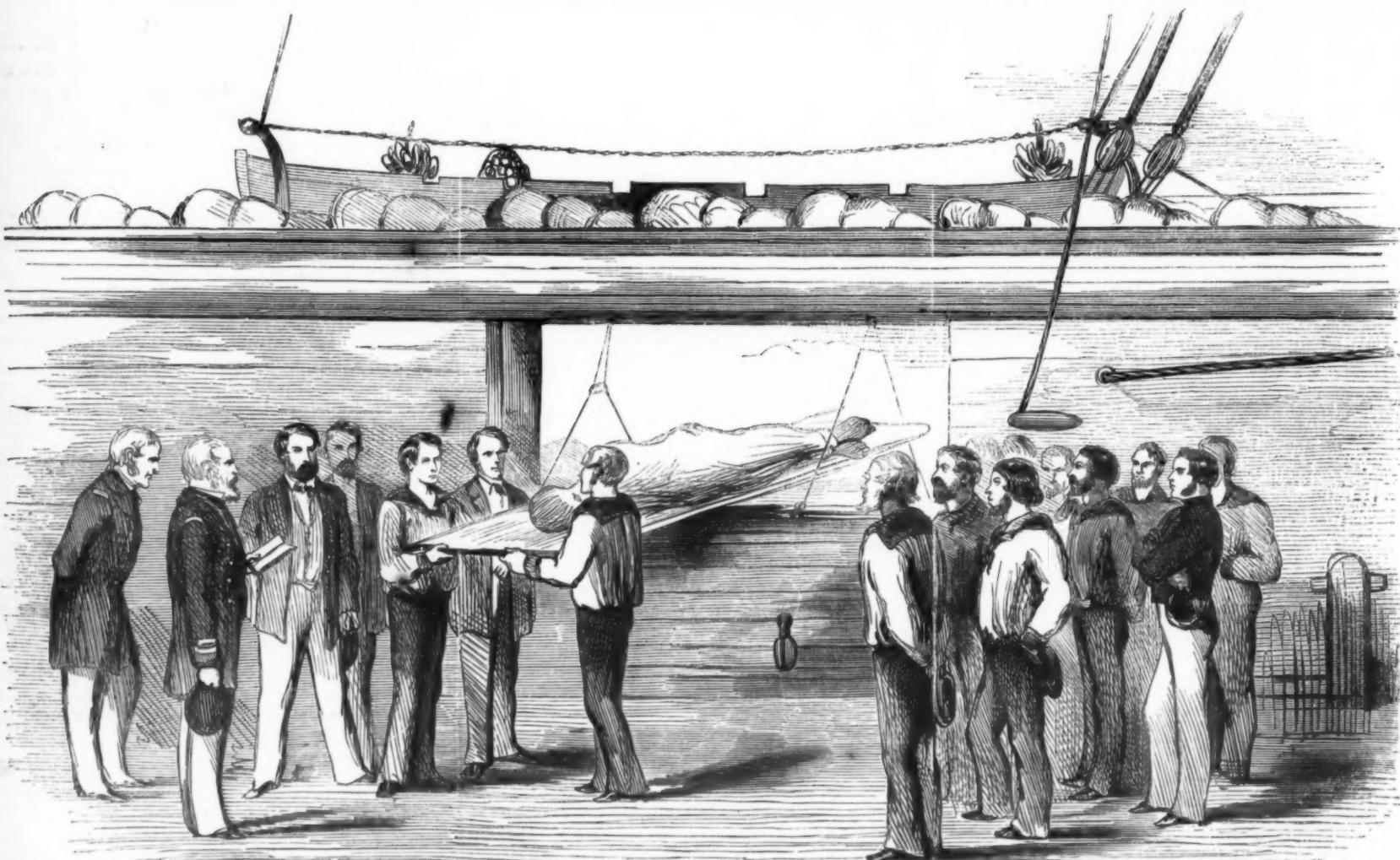
A more wretched, woes-begone appearance than these miserable beings presented it would be difficult to imagine. As they squatted upon the deck, chattering, gabbling and munching pieces of hard bread, they seemed to be totally deficient of spirit or ambition, but sat like a parcel of monkeys, gazing about them with vacant, indifferent look, as if they were the least interested parties in the enterprise.

From their very filthy habits, it was deemed expedient to keep them constantly in the open air, and not to allow them between

decks at all. Accordingly, the males and females were separated, and the former confined to the port gangway, while the women were kept on the after part of the quarter-deck; sentinels being stationed over each party to preserve order and prevent them from leaving the part of the ship to which they were assigned.

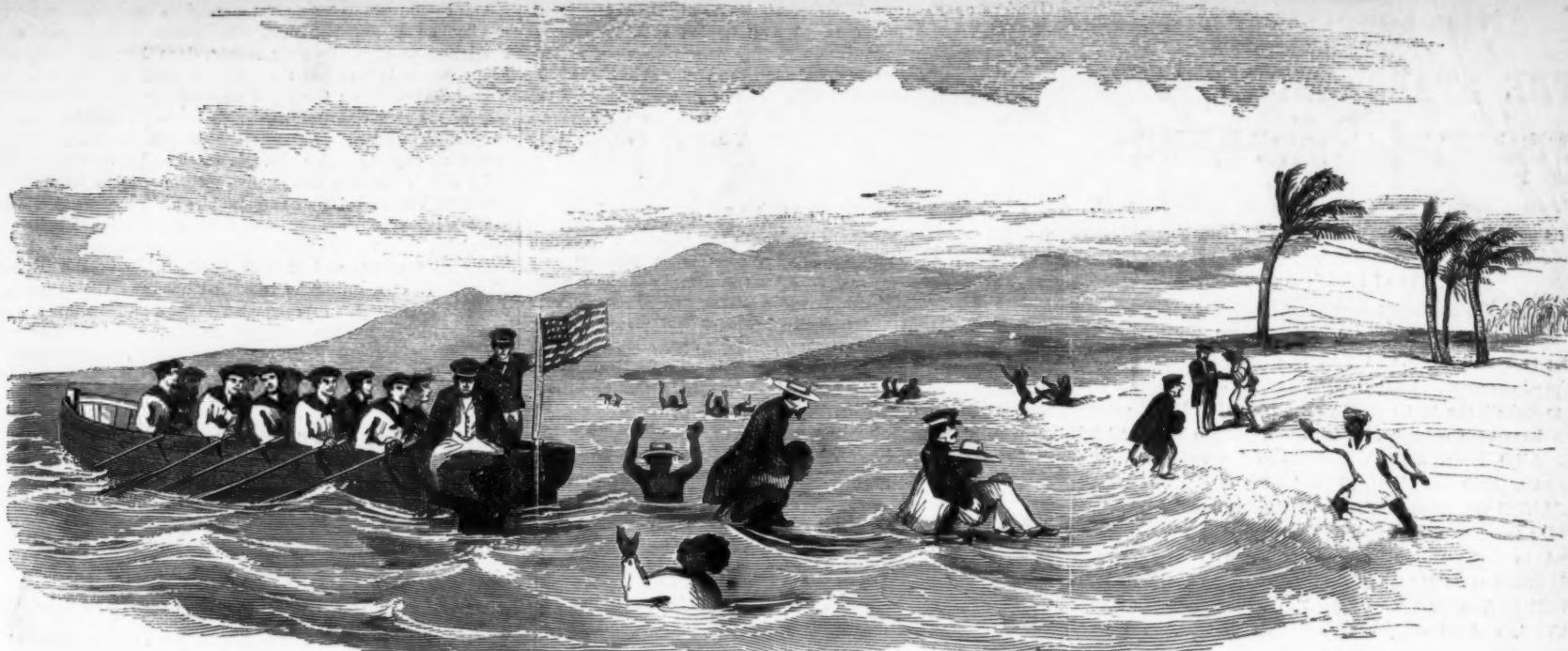
When first taken on board the greater portion of them were suffering from the effects of scurvy and other diseases, and were so emaciated that upon their arms and legs there was not the slightest appearance of muscle or calf, the latter of these useful members, in particular, bearing a striking resemblance to those of a veritable Shanghai.

The different styles of costume exhibited among them were as varied and picturesque as they were scant and primitive. The generality of the more elder portion wore waist cloths of gaudy-colored calico or heavy woollen blankets wrapped about them, while the children were in a state of nature. Some of the most enterprising and aristocratic had managed to obtain old flann



BURYING THE DEAD AT SEA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

## RETURN OF THE CAPTURED NEGROES TO AFRICA, ON BOARD THE U. S. STEAMSHIP NIAGARA.



LANDING SCENE AT PORTO PRAYA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

shirts, greasy soldiers' jackets, and hats of every variety of form and material, some of the latter being of the class commonly termed "shocking bad."

On the passage from Charleston to Monrovia, the strange habits and customs of these unfortunate people formed a never-ending theme for study, as well as a fruitful source of amusement, serving very materially to relieve and lighten the monotonous tedium usually attendant upon a sea voyage.

Almost every morning when the decks were scrubbed, the Portuguese overseer, Frank, collected the most filthy together in the gangways, and directing upon them a most powerful stream of water from the ship's pumps, furnished a gratuitous bath of the latest and most unique description, the recipients testifying their appreciation by a most outrageous shouting and yelling, not unlike the bursts of applause emanating from the throats of the "gods" upon the occasion of a Fourth of July flight of rockets in the Park. There seemed to be a marked and most decided spirit of clanship among the different tribes, the boys, in particular, forming themselves into parties for mutual protection and defence; and woe betide the outsider who was so bold as to encroach upon their rights, or to attempt to deprive them of their food or clothing!

As the shades of evening closed in, gratings, old canvas and hammocks were spread upon the deck, and rolling themselves in their blankets, the negroes packed themselves so close together that nothing could be distinguished save a continuous undulating surface of blankets, with here and there a black foot or woolly head protruding.

Occasionally, at the instigation of their overseer, Frank, they would sing one of their native songs, which are generally monotonous repetitions, containing but little music or harmony, and are accompanied by dancing, slapping of hands, and a variety of strange contortions and swaying motions of the body and arms.

Among the female Africans were two infants, one of which becoming ill, the mother accused another woman of bewitching it, and using the arts of sorcery to destroy its life. So strong was this superstitious belief that a pitched battle between the two ensued, and with such malignant fury did they contend that police interference became necessary, and the amiable pair were accordingly securely handcuffed.

The sick were separated from the well, and placed in the opposite gangway; and as they gradually wasted away it was a strange sight to see the strongest watching for the breath to leave the body of a dying comrade, that they might steal his blanket and other effects! What made this conduct appear more shocking was, that

these very men knew that they were to die in a few days at the utmost.

Upon the occasion of a death, the body (often two sewed in one

plank raised, and with a heavy splash the body clove the waters and disappeared for ever from human view.

Stopping at Porto Grande and Porto Praya for coal, water and medicines, the Niagara arrived at Monrovia on the 8th of November, and on the 9th the Africans were landed and transferred to the care and custody of the American Colonization Society.

Seventy-one had died on the passage (fifty-two days), leaving a balance of two hundred safely landed. Having landed the stores that accompanied them, consisting of provisions, clothing, shoes and tobacco, besides watering and painting ship, and receiving an official visit from President Benson and suite, on Wednesday, November 17, the Niagara sailed from Monrovia, catching the north-west "trades" on the third day out.



GROUP OF NEGROES ON BOARD THE NIAGARA.

blanket) was placed upon a plank projecting through one of the after gun ports, and the ship's company collected upon the quarter-deck, the burial service read by Captain Chauncey, the end of the

**The British Government and the Mortara Case.**—In reply to a memorial addressed to Lord Malmesbury by the Scottish Reformation Society, praying that the influence of the British Government may be exerted for the restoration of the Jewish child Mortara to his parents at Bologna, a letter has been received by the memorialists from Mr. Hammond, stating that he had been requested by Lord Malmesbury to say that his lordship "apprehends that the interference of the Protestant Government of Great Britain would be entirely unavailing after the earnest efforts of Catholic States have failed." "I have further to state to you," adds Mr. Hammond, "that his lordship does not share in the apprehension of the memorialists that children of British subjects may also be so treated. If such an outrage took place it could not be perpetrated with impunity."

**An Old Acquaintance.**—A London paper says: "Sir William Don, a Scottish baronet, formerly an officer in a dragoon regiment, having finally adopted the stage for a profession, and played at most of the provincial theatres and the minor houses of London with success, appeared at the Haymarket as John Small, in Morton's farce of 'Whitehall at Greenwich.' His humor is very quiet, but inconceivably droll, when occasion suits. To this quality his extraordinary stature lends an air singularly comical and grotesque. We should here state that Sir William Don is very nearly seven feet in height, and compared with the other performers, he looks a perfect giant. When dressed as John Small, a blundering waiter in a tavern at Greenwich, he makes a figure immensely ludicrous. His gestures and attitudes are singularly quaint and ridiculous. He kept the house in roar of laughter. The curtain fell amid the cordial acclamations of the audience, by whom the merry baronet was received with applause on presenting himself at the footlights in compliance with their unanimous summons."

**Another London Show.**—There is to be an international exhibition in London, in 1861, for the encouragement of the arts. The articles are to be selected for excellence, and arranged according to classes, and not according to countries, and they are to include music and painting, which were excluded in 1851. Foreigners are to stand on the same footing as British exhibitors.



VISITING THE SICK, AND DISTRIBUTION OF MEDICINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

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The above spacious and elegant building, selected by the Board of Managers, is now open for the reception of articles for exhibition. Goods to be delivered at the Crosby street entrance, where the Reception Committee will be in attendance. The Entry Clerk will give receipts, tickets, &c. By order of the Board of Managers.

HENRY WINFIELD, Vice-President.

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**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.—**  
SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1858-'59.  
The Second Concert will take place on Saturday, January 8, 1859, at Niblo's Garden. The following eminent artists, Madame JOHN-ON GRAEVE\*, Piano, and Mr. BRUNO WOLLENHAUPT, Viola, also the ARION and TUTONIA Choral Societies, have kindly volunteered their services. Conductor, Mr. CARL BERGMANN. No secured seats. Doors open at 7; to commence at 8 p.m.

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By order. L. PIER, Secretary.

### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 8, 1859.

#### Our Magazine—January Number.

The January Number of FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE is the most splendid part yet issued. It contains an extraordinary amount of reading matter of the most amusing and admirable character. The finely illustrated article, "Rambles in California," will be read with interest by all; while the novels, stories and other brilliant literary articles form an amount

of readable matter almost incredible. It is profusely and beautifully illustrated throughout with engravings of rare merit. The GAZETTE OF FASHION department is unusually ample and interesting this month, and crowded with fashion cuts, embroidery, patterns, &c. Two exquisitely colored page engravings accompany this number, which are alone worth the price of the whole.

It is a great number, and being the first of a new volume, the time is propitious to subscribe, and the terms are three dollars per year. What a charming New Year's gift for your lady friends!

even kentledge and tenpenny nails and tin pots would not disagree with them.

This committee, like the great merchants, has drummers, who waylay every eminent man who comes within gun shot. Foreigners are especially their delight, since they lead those unhappy men to believe that they are the sovereign people of the United States. Does General Paez escape here to get out of the way of his own countrymen, he falls into the clutches of these harpies. The poor exile almost repents his flight, and has serious intentions of going back again. Is General Paez hungry? they order dinner for him at the Metropolitan. Does he want to return to Venezuela? they run and hire a sloop of war for him!

Their latest victim is Senator Douglas, who arriving here at midnight, is ruthlessly dragged from his cabin couch, carried bodily to a coach, and deposited *willy nilly* in the Everett House. Next morning he is waited upon by the eating and drinking committee, and compelled to eat a public dinner whether he is hungry or not. He goes to sleep, and is awakened in his first nap by a brass band; when he is thoroughly roused he is dragged to a window, where he is compelled to make a speech amid a snow or rain storm, tapered off with a wild shower of hurrahs.

No one is more ready than ourselves to honor greatness; but we respect it too much to see such men as Senator Douglas thus intruded upon by a parcel of ignorant and impudent men, who are more anxious to display their own brass than to compliment the sterling ore of true patriotism.

### LITERATURE.

Poems by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 3 volumes. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

This edition particularly addresses itself to the public approbation, since it is an exact imprint from the last London edition, with the latest corrections of the fair author. There is something so womanly, and yet so reflective in even the faintest whisperings of Mrs. Browning's muse, that we predict for her the undivided admiration of all true women in the next generation. Educated as they are now, her subtle turns of thought and classicalities of expression sound like pedantries to the present age. This faculty, however, is doubtless the chief cause she is so much prized by poets and scholars. It must be confessed, though, that to the common mind her allusions are somewhat too recondite; but despite this demand upon the reader, there is no woman who more nobly vindicates the right of woman to be the poetical equal of man. Some have complained of her redundancy, but this is the natural result of the abundant richness of her thoughts. But it is needless at this hour to criticize the sister of Shakespeare, as Landor calls her, and we therefore recommend every husband or father who wishes to elevate the mental standard of his wife or daughter, to place in her hands a copy of this most beautiful edition of the great poetess of woman. We are glad to inform the public that Messrs. C. S. Francis & Co. have lately received a most flattering letter from her husband, transmitting to them the last portrait taken of his illustrious wife, and that they intend very shortly to issue a limited edition of this interesting photograph to gratify her admirers. We take this opportunity of referring our readers to an article on the Brownings in FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE for August last.

Almanach et Directoire Francais (French Almanac and Directory) for 1859. New York: Dr. J. D. L. Zender, 193 First avenue.

This valuable publication is now in its twelfth year. It forms a neat pamphlet of some 120 pages, replete with valuable information of every description, adapted to the use of our French fellow-citizens. Several other statistical works of much value are also published by Dr. Zender, who has them for sale at his residence, 193 First avenue.

### DRAMA.

**Laura Keene's Theatre.**—"Our American Cousin" still reigns triumphantly at this most popular theatre. It promises to have as great a run as "Uncle Tom's Cabin". We agree with a contemporary that one of the secrets of its success is to be found in the more genial and dignified aspect given to a character, uniformly till now burlesqued by the Yankee Hill and Silsbee styles of acting. The Eastern States are not alone celebrated for wooden nutmegs, hickory hams and pine clocks, nor do their gentlemen always wear swallow-tailed coats and unwholesome with straps three feet long. Horace Greeley white hats are also at a discount now, and hence the public welcome in Asa Trenchard a more truthful picture of the true Yankee, full of true grit and noble instincts. Under this view we are not much surprised at the continued triumph of "Our American Cousin." It is needless to add how admirably the art is themselves, by their finished acting, deserve the applause that nightly greets them.

**Wallack's Theatre.**—The veteran manager showed how thoroughly he understood the public estimation of our great Anglo-Saxon dramatist in producing the "Merchant of Venice," for every night the house is filled with a discriminating audience, who divide between the poet and the actor its applause. Mr. Wallack's rendering of Shylock fully illustrates the meaning, and lends fresh force to the nervous thought that runs like lightning through the electric wires of Shakespeare's language. A night at Wallack's is an intellectual treat, as well as one of amusement.

**Barnum's Museum.**—Fun, fish, frolic—music and pantomime, are now having a revel at Greenwood & Baker's American Museum. There have seldom been two such clever troupes at one theatre as are now to be seen nightly at this favorite place. The Zavitskis and Wren families are admirably adapted for the taste of the many thousands which crowd their performances. It is quite a holiday treat merely to see the happy countenances of the children who daily and nightly testify their delight.

**DIFFICULTIES OF A FRENCH INVASION OF ENGLAND.**—It has been broadly announced in letter and pamphlet, vehemently declaimed on hustings and at banquets, that an army of 100,000 men could be transported in twelve hours from Paris to Cherbourg. Those who know the facilities of French railways might have some doubts as to the conveyance of such a body in such a time with the means at their disposal. But supposing these 100,000 men, with all the material of war, guns, horses, &c., fairly deposited in the Camp de Gare, or at the gates of the dockyard, the question arises—how are they to reach the shores of England? The Zouaves and Chasseurs de Vincennes are depicted by French writers as leaping and charging on board ships, and carrying them by a grand charge of bayonets; but we are not called upon to believe that, like the saints of old, they can make a marvellous passage of the Channel on their great coats. They must be transported, and how? A hundred thousand men would require one hundred ships of first-class power for themselves alone, besides those for the guns and horses. Calculating the difference of burden and the impossibility of collecting so many large vessels, it may be assumed that two hundred of one class and the other would be required; and this we believe to be a supply which the naval and maritime resources of France would not be equal to at one effort. Even if they could be furnished, where could they be disposed of at Cherbourg? The Rade and the basins could not hold them, so that the space alone would compel the embarkation of such a body to be a piecemeal affair, even supposing the necessary means to be available.

**THE KOHINOOR.**—It having been determined to reground the surface of the Kohinoor diamond, so as to give to its surface new facets which would reflect light better than the old, it was found necessary to erect a small steam engine to aid in the process of grinding, though the stone was only an inch or so in length. So intensely hard is the diamond, that nothing will fairly cut it, but some of its own dust, and this placed upon a metal wheel revolving with great rapidity, so great indeed, as two thousand times a minute. In the present case the diamond was completely imbedded in a mass of solder, leaving exposed but the small angle or facet which was to be operated upon; this angle was applied to the rapidly revolving wheel which, with the aid of the diamond dust, gradually wore away the substance of the diamond and produced a new facet.

## AUNT MARY.

In a quiet by-street of the bustling little town of Broughton might be observed, not many years ago, a small house, which at first sight might have been deemed uninhabited, so seldom were any sounds of life to be heard within its tranquil walls, or busy footsteps seen emerging from its threshold. At the back of the house, however, which commanded a pleasant view of the wide valley and green hills beyond, the windows were hung with white curtains, and decked with flowers, whilst glimpses might be caught of a female form within, gliding noiselessly from place to place.

This unpretending dwelling was the home of a quiet maiden lady, one who had truly a wide family connection, but was known to few beyond her own circle, save the poor, the sick and those of saddened heart. She lived not in the world, or for the world; the petty interests, the news of the day, which ordinarily engross so large a share of attention amongst the inhabitants of a country town, were to her matters of indifference; but her warm heart was ever ready to share the joys and sorrows of those she loved, and in spite of the tranquil tenor of her own life, she could be joyous as a child when surrounded by the young and the light-hearted. Her happiest hours were those she spent alone in her peaceful home, around which there breathed an atmosphere of order and tranquillity; but her warm welcome was ever ready to greet the numerous tribe of nieces and nephews who delighted to gather around the good aunt on all occasions of family festivity. Gladly did she promote the youthful pastimes of the merry band; and when they had turned everything upside down, and then taken their departure, she would quietly set her house to rights, rejoicing in the thought of their happiness.

Aunt Mary's birthday fell in the month of May, and on that day it was an understood thing that none of her family went to visit her; but every year, on the return of this anniversary, a dignified-looking man arrived at the first hotel in the town, and proceeded forthwith to Aunt Mary's house. There he spent his days, from morning till evening, during his brief stay in the town. They took long walks together, and seemed constantly engaged in earnest conversation.

The visits of this remarkable-looking strange gentleman to the elderly maiden lady, who was looked upon as very pious by her neighbors, at first excited much attention; but gradually the nine-day's wonder passed away. The stranger was a literary gentleman, and very reserved in manner. All his works, as soon as published, made their appearance on Aunt Mary's table, and her correspondence with him was frequent and uninterrupted.

The inhabitants of Broughton had long become quite accustomed to this enigmatic guest; but the young nieces and nephews, especially the former, never ceased perplexing themselves and tormenting their parents with questions on the subject. "Was he a relation of Aunt Mary's? If so, was he related to them too? Or was he a friend? But it was not usual to have such friends, was it?" The parents however were silent, and the mystery remained unsolved.

Whether Aunt Mary had ever been pretty or not, was also a frequent subject of deliberation. By the side of her friend who, although a few years older, was still in the full vigor of manhood, she looked, it is true, somewhat faded; but there was a gentle grace in her whole being, an atmosphere of peace surrounding her, which imparted to her a charm beyond that of beauty or of intellect, for it was one which the changes of time could not efface.

Mary's health was very delicate, and her strength began early to fail her. One or other of her nieces had constantly been with her, and to her silent influence they were much indebted for the cultivation of their minds; but now she begged her eldest sister to permit Eleanor, her favorite niece, to come and stay with her during her remaining days.

The youthful Eleanor gladly acceded to the wish of her beloved and honored aunt, although she could not believe her health to be really in a declining state. "But, mother," said the young girl, "before I go to live with Aunt Mary altogether, you must tell me the history of this gentleman, otherwise I shall feel so strange when he comes."

"Yes, my child," replied the mother, "you are right. It is time you should know something of this matter. I will gladly tell you what I know myself, though that is not much. It is a curious history. You know that Aunt Mary was our youngest sister, the darling of our whole family. We two elder sisters married during my dear mother's lifetime, but Mary was scarcely fourteen when we lost this much-loved parent. Her death was a deep sorrow to us all; but Mary could not be comforted. From this time forward her home was far from being a happy one. My father's temper was quick—he never showed much sympathy for her trials; and shortly married again. We none of us loved our stepmother much. She was not unkind, but uncertain and superficial. At first she almost overwhelmed Mary by the vehemence of her affection; afterwards she seemed indifferent to her, and Mary became increasingly quiet and reserved, seldom conversing with any one save her pastor, and devoting her time chiefly to her books and flowers, of which she was very fond. Still at times her natural cheerfulness showed itself; and though she never seemed to bestow a thought upon herself, she was certainly very lovely."

"Am I at all like her, mamma?" asked Eleanor.

"Not at all, my dear; you will never be half so pretty as Aunt Mary was. To return, however, to my story. It befel one day that this strange gentleman, Mr. Ritson, being on a visit at Broughton, became acquainted with Mary. They appeared to like each other, and we all deemed it a happy event when their betrothal was announced to us. Mary was now in her eighteenth year, and it seemed as though her good qualities had never until this moment been duly appreciated in the family. Her father, her brother, and her brothers-in-law appeared to have their eyes suddenly opened to perceive the superiority of her mind and the amiability of her disposition. Her stepmother, too, was seized with a fit of motherly tenderness, and set herself zealously to work to prepare her trousseau, &c.

"Mary, in the meanwhile, bloomed like a rose. She and Mr. Ritson suited one another admirably with their taste for study—books and languages. They exchanged numerous letters; and in spite of all their learning, seemed as happy as two children together. Everything in short, appeared to me to be going on well and prosperously. But it struck me at time passed on that Mary now but seldom bent her steps to the good pastor's house, and was very shy and silent when in his company.

"They had been engaged for about six months, when tidings came that Mr. Ritson was appointed to the editorship of a popular journal in the North. The wedding-day was now fixed, the banns had been published, and the wedding-dress was ready.

"Mr. Ritson came to pay his bride a final visit, before he returned to bear her from her old home to the new one he had prepared for her. Mary was joyous and loving as ever. Mr. Ritson was to take his departure by a night-coach, and the bridal pair took a long ramble together in the evening. I think they bent their steps towards the churchyard, which was one of their favorite resorts. Mary came home full of animation, but somewhat moved, as though the conversation had been more than usually earnest; and when the hour of departure arrived, she and Mr. Ritson bid each other a tender farewell.

"Next morning (I was then on a visit at my father's house) Mary came down to breakfast looking so deadly pale that we all felt alarmed, though we ascribed it to the emotion she had experienced on parting with her betrothed. Our stepmother wishing to cheer her, said, 'To-morrow, Mary, we will go and complete our purchases; we have scarcely a month left now before the wedding.' To this Mary replied quietly, but in a subdued tone, 'You will have no more trouble about that, mother: I shall have no wedding-day.'

"We all sat gazing upon her in astonishment, and should have believed her to be demented had she not endured, with the most tranquil composure, the storm of questions and reproaches which now burst over her head. 'And Mr. Ritson?' I at last ventured to inquire. 'I have already written to him early this morning.' This was the only answer we could extract from her. On the second day after this scene, Mr. Ritson arrived in a state of great agitation; we all felt for him, and hoped much from his influence. He made no observation as to what had passed between Mary and himself. Mary received him calmly, though with an appearance of timidity. They went together into the garden, and seating themselves in the arbor in which they had first pledged to each other their troth, they remained for hours in earnest conversation. We were full of hope; but at length they both came forth, pale as death; and Mr. Ritson said to my father that he felt himself compelled to bow to Mary's

decision, and renounce the happiness of calling her his own. He then gave us each his hand, imprinted a kiss on Mary's cheek, and then took his departure.

"Little as I could understand Mary's conduct on this occasion, I pitied her too much to feel any inclination to reproach her; but my father and mother were enraged with her. I took her to my own home, and at first her health seemed so much shaken that I had great fears for her life; but with me she enjoyed entire rest and quietness, and by degrees she revived.

"One difference we observed between this pair and others who had broken off their engagement was this—no letters or presents were returned on either side; but, on the contrary, the former lovers continued to correspond, though less frequently than before, and Mary always seemed as anxious about the contents of each letter as though her life depended on it. I could not believe that all was at an end between them; and when Mary had recovered her health and strength, I exhausted all my powers of persuasion to induce her to change her mind, or at least to tell me why she would not do so. But gentle and yielding as she was on all other points, on this she was immovable. I must say, however, that she was in all respects even better and more lovable than before. She seemed never to think of herself; so good, so gentle, so kindly to the poor who—a very ministering angel upon earth.

"When our father's first vexation had subsided Mary returned home. People get accustomed to everything; and if time does not bring roses, it at least takes away thorns. Our father ceased to speak on the subject which had caused him so much irritation, and I believe that ere long he began to feel that, when he received back his pale child under his roof, he had received an angel unawares.

"Eight years passed on; our father died; our stepmother went to reside with relations in a distant town. We should all gladly have had Mary to live with us, but at this time the old house in Broughton was left to us by a distant relative, and Mary begged us to allow her to make it her home. Her request was of course readily granted; and from that day forward everything has gone on just as you have seen it. Mary and Mr. Ritson have continued to correspond; he visits her every year on her birthday—he sends her all his writings—but not one amongst us has ever been able to discover the cause of their separation."

This was all that Eleanor could learn regarding the history of her aunt's life, and it only served to stimulate her curiosity to learn the true solution of the riddle. This curiosity was transformed by degrees into an emotion of the deepest and tenderest sympathy when she was brought into close and daily intercourse with this beloved aunt, and lived under the abiding influence of her tranquil, unruffled and truly Christian spirit. Still she would not have ventured to ask a question on the subject in which she was so much interested.

Thus their days flowed smoothly onward; but time soon proved Aunt Mary to be in the right with regard to her health. A wasting disease consumed her life, her strength gradually failed, and ere long she was entirely confined to her bed. Eleanor would yield to none the dear and sacred duty of tending this beloved relative during her illness. The bond between aunt and niece became every day closer, and their intercourse more confiding; the instinct of maternal love, which had hitherto laid dormant in Mary's breast, now seemed to waken in all its strength towards the young maiden who watched over her with such devoted care.

It was the commencement of autumn, that season often so fatal to invalids. Eleanor sat by the sufferer's bed, gazing silently during the still evening hours upon the pallid features of the once lovely Mary. Suddenly the latter opened her hitherto half-closed eyes, and said, "My child, have you written to Mr. Ritson?" "Yes, aunt, I wrote the moment you desired me to do so."

"That is right. I think, then, that he will soon be here," she said, with a gentle smile. The tears started to Eleanor's eyes, her heart was full to overflowing; for the first time in her life she ventured on the further question.

"Aunt, dear aunt, since you care for him so much, why, oh why—Oh, you would have made him so happy!"

Mary laid her hand gently on the weeping girl, and replied, "Dear child, I have not many days to live. You have loved me so well, I would not that you should deem me to have been capricious or singular. I will, therefore, tell you what I have never yet told to mortal ear. Draw closer to me, my child; I cannot speak loud, and my words must be very brief. Push the lamp aside, for it dazzles my eyes."

"Eleanor, I was younger than you, almost a child, when I sat by my mother's dying bed, as you now sit by mine. But, to me, to lose my mother was to lose my all. I was beside myself with grief. I thought by prayer to win her back from that heavenly home on whose threshold she seemed to stand. I felt as if I could not give her up. My mother herself was the only one who had power to calm my troubled spirit. That night she spoke to me long and tenderly, pointing me to that deep, firm, heartfelt faith which had been the joy and comfort of her own life; but my sorrow ever burst forth anew, and I exclaimed at length, 'Mother, oh, dearest mother, how can I keep in the right way, and be good as you would have me be, when I no longer have you to guide me?' 'My child,' she replied, in a grave and earnest tone, 'you know not what you ask; it is not in accordance with God's will that it should be so. Our heavenly Father has given us His word to be a lamp to our path, and that lamp gives light enough for us. But I promise you,' she added, 'if God permits it, I will come to you, my child, if ever your soul should be in peril.' These were her last words."

For some moments Aunt Mary ceased to speak, and then in brief and interrupted sentences she continued as follows:

"Eleanor, Mr. Ritson was very dear to me—dearer than words can tell. I was aware that he did not altogether think with me; and the knowledge that such was the case often caused me grief, but I never thought of giving him up on that account. He was a noble-hearted man; I had confidence in the power of love; I thought God would make me the instrument of leading him to a true and living faith. But, my child, this is a harder task than we imagine. Mr. Ritson has a brilliant and highly cultivated mind; the opinions of one we love are full of fascination for us. I did not avoid sacred subjects with him, for I was anxious for his conversion. By insensible degrees, however, his ideas and opinions glided into my mind, and gained possession of my heart. I thought as he did so long as he was by my side; when I was alone I felt in my inmost heart that this was not truth; but the star that hitherto beamed upon my path had ceased to shine for me; I could no longer look upward as a child does to its father. I was often unhappy, but yet I never thought of giving Mr. Ritson up. That last evening I told him all that was on my mind, and it burdened my whole heart to him. Nothing that I said, however, seemed to trouble him; he proved to me clearly that at my present discomfort merely arose from my being in a transition state, and that I was on the high road to truth. Once more he built up before my dazzled eyes the imposing edifice of his reasoning theories. I can now scarcely tell how it befel, but I was as one entranced. I believed myself to be convinced, and returned home in a state of wrapt excitement; my mind awakened, as I thought, to a new life. Eleanor, on that night, in the hour of slumber and of dreams, I once more beheld my mother's gentle face, heard once more her loving, warning voice. On awaking, my path was clear to me. As his wife, I felt that I could not have resisted the influence he exercised over my mind, and I severed the bond which united us. He said much to me on the subject, promised that he would never utter a word which could shake my faith; but ah! I well knew that a premeditated silence was often more difficult to resist than a direct attack, against which we are more apt to be prepared. My way was plain to me, and God has been very good to me, and blessed me far beyond my deserts. But one prayer, the first and last, I have daily offered to my heavenly Father since that sorrowful hour; the prayer which has come from the very depths of my heart has not yet been answered. Mr. Ritson is still an unbeliever, and he is too true to deceive me. Were heaven itself to be purchased by a falsehood, he would not keep back the truth. And now, good night, my child!"

Next morning a letter came; Mary read it with beaming eyes. "He has not yet received your letter, Eleanor; but he will soon be here." Mary's sisters came to see her. She took a tender farewell of each, but did not express a wish for either of them to remain. She lay in tranquil repose, as if expecting one for whose coming she longed.

At last a carriage drove up to the door; Mr. Ritson sprang out and hastening breathlessly towards Eleanor, exclaimed, "Is she yet living?" "I thank God!" was the heart-felt rejoinder, as she replied in the affirmative, and led him to the door of the sufferer, who

needed no preparation to be ready to receive the much-desired visitor.

Long were the two together, until at last Eleanor ventured into the apartment. Mr. Ritson sat by Aunt Mary's side, whilst she, supported by pillows, gazed upon him with happy, beaming eyes. Her hand, clasped in his, rested upon the open Bible, the most precious heritage she had received from a dying mother.

Eleanor was about timidly to withdraw, but Mary, with a gentle and loving smile, beckoned her towards her, and said, "Thank God, my child, my prayer is heard! the sacrifice of my earthly happiness has not been in vain!"

Few were the words Aunt Mary uttered after this; but she parted not again in this world with him from whom she had so long been separated. Together they partook of the sacrament, and then, with a smile of unutterable bliss on her pallid features, she "fell asleep." Her countenance in death was heavenly in its loveliness, as though a ray of light from her eternal home had fallen upon her.

The "still house" is now closed, perchance at some future day to become a busy one. Meanwhile, to the few that knew and loved her who once dwelt within its walls, it will ever be a spot consecrated by the gentle and holy image of "Aunt Mary."

## CHESS.

MORPHY AND STAUNTON.—"Frère, you're on the unpopular side of the Morphy and Staunton question!" Frère replies, "My dear fellow, you are mistaken; I am on neither side of that unfortunate misunderstanding. No one can possibly admire Mr. Morphy more than I do. I not only believe him to be the very best Chess-player living, but, were such a thing possible, could he have a month's play with Philidor and La Bourdonnais, I believe at the end of that time he would win from both of them together in consultation. That is my opinion of Morphy as a Chess-player. As a man I know him to be incapable of even an intentional discourtesy. As to anything worse, Morphy and meanness are antipodes. His reputation cannot be tarnished by the Jeremy Diddlers and Artificial Dodgers who pin themselves to his skirts, even by reflection. But there is one single point that I do insist upon; it is that the abuse of Mr. Staunton injures Chess, and I for one would be glad to see it discontinued. As to the discussion of 'Pro Recto' and 'Sancho Panza,' with that I have nothing to do further than to admit or reject the communications. The column of Leslie is open to all for proper Chess matter. 'Pro Recto' writes his own sentiments, not mine, and I do not intend to be drawn into the questions between him and 'Sancho' at all. Let them finish out their own fight. They can count me out." The above is the substance of a conversation held at Stanley's room, 144 Fulton street, some days since, and explains itself.

CHESS CLUB ON THE MISSOURI SLOPES.—On the 27th of November a Chess Club of some fifty members was organized at Sioux City, Iowa. Suitable rooms and furniture have been secured, and from present indications the amateurs of the "king of games" will have a good time during the coming winter months. The officers are, Colonel Robert Meeks, President; L. D. Palmer, Vice President; John H. Charles, Secretary; and George Ware, Treasurer.

BERGEN POINT, N. J.—A Chess Club has been formed at the Point, numbering about a dozen members.

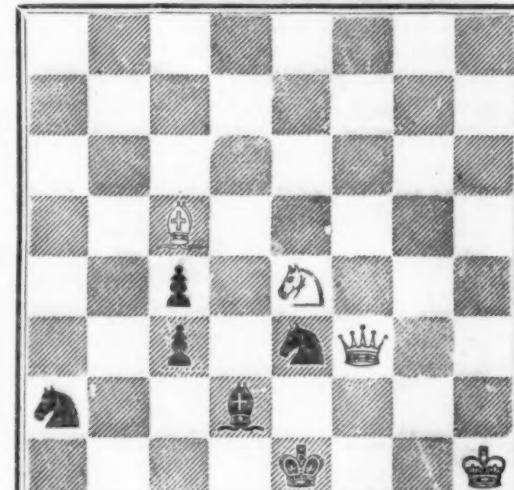
ANOTHER.—A Chess Club has been established at Pawtucket, R. I.

SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.—S. N., Brooklyn (The solution is Q tks Q R P, &c.); Sympax, Pawtucket, R. I.; G. E. Dorr, Greenwich, N. Y. (The old notation will be retained); W. H. C., N. Y. (Problem received.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—R. H. EHLEN, Winona, Minn. Problem Correct.—H. C. ANDERSON, Louisville, Ky. The problem sent, without solution, we believe to be sound. Your No. 2 is susceptible of mate in two. Try Kt tks P at Q Kt 4. There must be some error in No. 3, as we cannot make it out satisfactorily.—A. J. H. KEWANE, Ill. Nos. 9, 10, 11 are correct. On file—J. W. JR., Syracuse, N. Y. Three more position sound. Send along something more elaborate. This one on file.—W. H. C., N. Y. Ditto, ditto.—J. B. C., Nashville, Tenn. Problem correct.—P. H. JR., Providence, R. I. Re-enter you will confer a favor by sending solution with problem. The four-move position we think sound and very pretty. All of the above-mentioned correct problems are on file for insertion.—C. H. A., Marysville, N. Y. Answered by mail—W. EAGLETON, Montreal, Canada. We do not think that draughts and Chess work well together. Must refer you to some Chess book as to the opening. Walker's translation of Jaenisch is a good one. Prosperity to your new club.—W. N. B., Petersburg, Va. Problem will receive attention. Shall be happy to examine the game spoken of.—CYGNER, Detroit, Mich. Will give the problem early notice.—S. LOYD, Florence, N. J. Have written to you. Thanks for the position. All communications intended for the Brooklyn Eagle Chess column may be designated as such, and addressed to us, box 2495, New York city.—W. B., Cobourg, C. W. The remittance for the new Chess men is to hand. In a few days they will be dispatched to you. Address hereafter box 2496.

PROBLEM NO. 178.—By S. LOYD. White to play and checkmate in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. H.	Mr. H.	Mr. H.	Mr. K.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	27 P to Q R 4	Q to K 2
2 P to B 4	P tks P	28 P to Q Kt 5	B to Q Kt 2
3 K tks B 3	P to Kt 4	29 P to Q R 5	P tks P
4 P to K R 4	P to Kt 5	30 P to Q Kt 6	P to Q R 3
5 K tks K 5	P to K R 4	31 Q to Q R 4	P to Q 4
6 K B to Q B 4	Kt to R 3	32 P tks P	B tks P
7 P to Q 4			

## CHRISTMAS-EVE IN THE COUNTRY.

When Tom at eve comes home from plough,  
And brings the mistletoe's green bough,  
With milk white berries spotted o'er,  
And shakes it the sly maids before,  
Then hangs the trophy up on high—  
Then Christmas and his train are nigh.

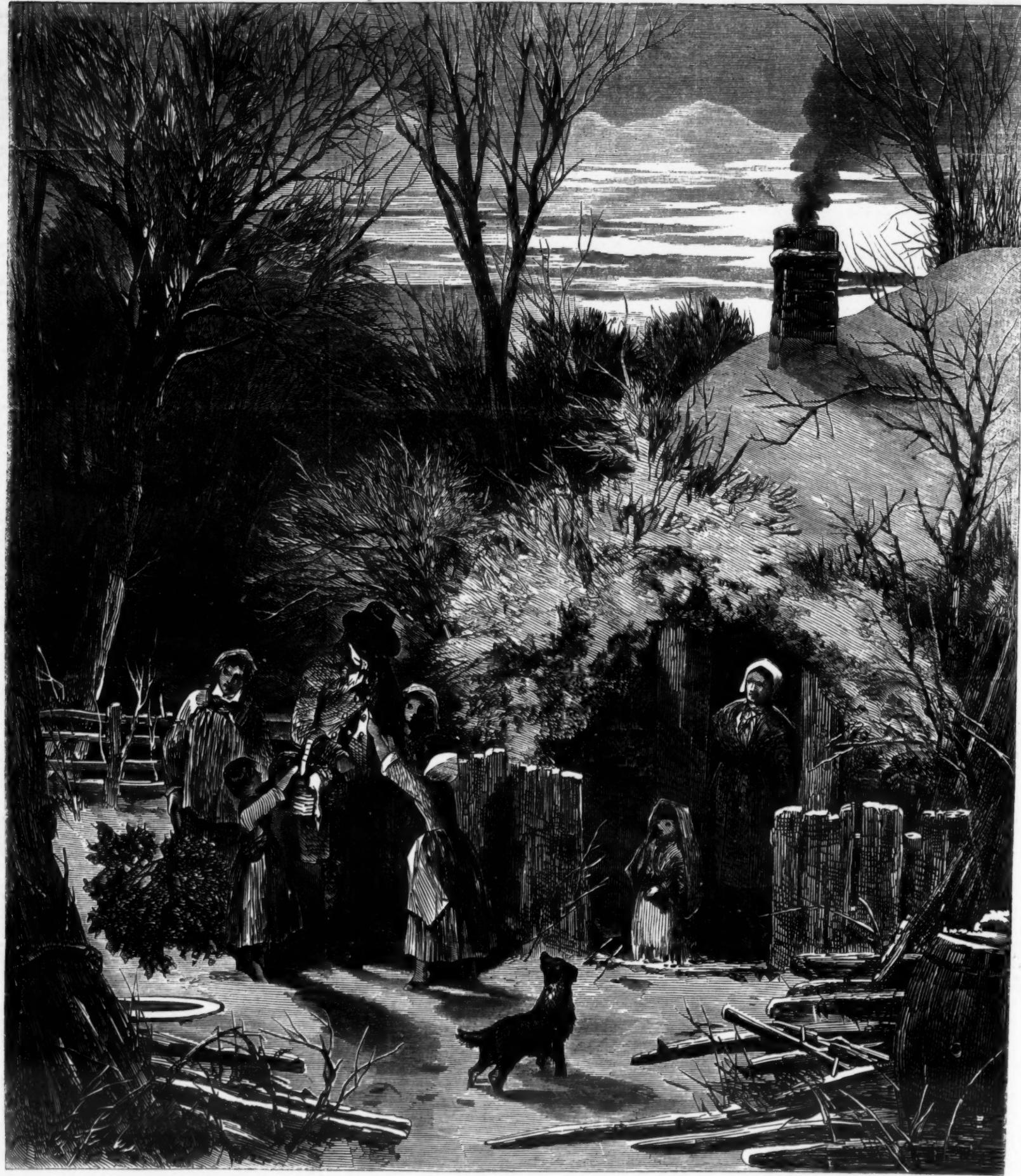
Glad Christmas comes, and every hearth  
Makes room to give him welcome now;  
E'en wan' will dry its tears in mirth,  
And crown him with a holly bough.  
Each house is swept the day before,  
And windows stuck with evergreens;  
The snow is besom'd from the door,  
And comfort crowns the cottage scenes.

full of love of art, full of the tastes of a gentleman, shrink neither from ugliness, old age nor vulgarity. Nothing alarms him, and, like his great ancestors on the field of battle, he recoils but from one reproach; and although it be not the same, yet still it would not be the less keenly felt, and is, therefore, as carefully avoided.

Count Alfred's search had been successful. At Baden he met with the heiress of a German *fournisseur*, who had inherited from her father several millions of florins and a hump of goodly size, which latter, during the lifetime of her parents, condemned her to that single blessedness which is praised by all and envied by none. The plain features and capricious temper which she brought in dowry were her own; she owed them to no one, and so the *dot* was complete. The heiress could not fail to be captivated by the charming manners and insinuating attentions of Count Alfred; and soon were the several millions of florins, the flourishing hump and the ugly features regarded as his future property.

The capricious temper, however, still remained in the lady's own

begun to *faires des scènes*, and the lady, having remained long enough in Paris to find out that, in this capital of the civilized world, no matter what shape the money-bag assumes, it is always welcome in the eyes of youth, valor and nobility, has decided the intention of returning home to consider of the step she was about to enter upon too rashly, and has just left the Hôtel du Louvre, leaving the debt incurred there by Count Alfred still unpaid. The discomfiture of the Count may be well imagined, and scurvy tongues do say that the cause of this change in the lady's sentiments may be ascribed to the numerous offers she received while remaining here—some of them much more calculated to satisfy her *amour-propre* and ambition than that made by the Count. The knowing ones have already discovered motive for suspicion in the absence from Paris of the young Duc de —, who disappeared at the same time as the hump-backed demoiselle; and great anxiety is manifested by Count Alfred's friends to learn in what direction he has taken flight. The expectant bridegroom, grown irritated for the first time during the



CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY—AN ENGLISH SCENE.

## A PARISIAN ROMANCE—ALFRED DE MORNEY.

We have had but small cause of mirth during the week; the fashionable world alone has been amused by the *déconfiture* of one of its most favored sons, from whom it had expected better things, and towards whom it hesitates not to manifest its displeasure. All have heard of the *beau fils par excellence*, the *lion du jour*, Count Alfred de Morney, whose reputation for fashion, extravagance and lady-killing has extended beyond the Straits of Dover and reached to the Land's End, and then even crossed the Atlantic, where at New Orleans it yet surmounts every other. Count Alfred had set out from Paris in the summer, with the firm determination of ransacking all the *œufs* for a rich wife, as health, good looks and fortune were all gradually disappearing through the exaggerated abuse he had made of oil, and the only remedy in this case admitted by the French dandy is found in the person of a rich bride, no matter whence she comes nor what her appearance, age or antecedents. The young Frenchman of the present day will face any danger, brave any peril, defy any threat but that of poverty. And thus, in choosing a bride, you will find the young French nobleman, although

keeping, and Count Alfred in vain endeavored to secure it to serve his purpose. It was agreed that Paris should be the place which should behold the crowning joy of Count Alfred and the transfer of the old banker's florins into his impoverished coffers. Accordingly, they both arrived here together, and both occupied apartments of the first class at the Hôtel du Louvre. Count Alfred, sure of a speedy release from all pecuniary care and anxiety, spent freely and generously, as he used to do before his father's fortune had melted away, and therefore regaled the lady, his friends, and, above all, himself, with everything of the dearest, the handsomest and best.

Six weeks of happiness flew on thus in the enjoyment of every good thing which this life can offer. The *trousseau* was the great object of the lady's studies, and Count Alfred exercised a becoming dose of daily patience by assisting and advising in its purchase. He was quizzed unmercifully, of course, railed at most pitilessly, abused most foully by his friends for the meanness with which he was guilty; but for this he cared not; he only feared that something might happen to prevent the accomplishment of his wishes. And sure enough, the capricious temper to which we have alluded has

course of his true love, declares his intention of following the lady, and, if he finds the Duke has been playing him false, challenge him forthwith to mortal combat. Thus, it is not unlikely that we may behold the *moral en action* suited to our present day—two young, handsome and fashionable French noblemen crossing swords for the bright eyes of an old German *fraulein*, with a hump on her back.

**Scene In a Senate.**—As a contrast to the behavior prevalent in our Congress, we copy from a German paper: "An incident occurred during a recent sitting of the Assembly of the State of Mecklenburg, which caused considerable sensation. In the middle of an animated discussion on religious tolerance, M. de Mitzau made use of a provocation to M. Pogge-Taubits, who replied that he could not accept the challenge, as he had, in consequence of being condemned for taking part in a fatal duel, made a vow never to fight another. M. de Pluskow, a friend of M. de Mitzau, then rose, and called M. Pogge-Taubits a coward. On hearing this insulting word, the whole assembly rose and protested with such energy against the language used, that M. de Pluskow was obliged to retract it."

## OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

## THE MACHINERY OF THE GAME.

THE BILLIARD TABLE is so well known in this country, that an elaborate description of it is unnecessary. Its frame is generally made of rosewood, oak or mahogany. Its surface or "bed" is of marble, wood or slate, and is covered with green cloth of a very fine description. Its length is from ten to twelve feet long, and its width is exactly half its length. At its four corners, and in the middle of each side are pockets of netted silk for the reception of the balls.

The CUSHIONS, composed of a combination of elastic substances, surround the table on all sides, and like it are covered with cloth.

The CUE is the instrument by which the balls are set in motion. It is a tapering ashen wand, from four feet six to five feet and a half in length, and is tipped with leather. Its weight should be about twice and a half that of the balls to be played with. The writer plays with a cue five feet two inches in length, and nine-sixteenths of an inch in diameter at the point. The cue is a most important part of billiard machinery, and should be selected with care.

The BALLS should be made of the best ivory, and of the same size and weight. Those now used in this country are two and three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and about seven ounces in weight. In the American game four balls are used—two white (one of which bears a spot as a distinctive mark), one a light and the other a deep red.

The REST or ARTIFICIAL BRIDGE is used when the player's ball is too far away to admit of reaching it without this artificial aid. It is a wad of ash, the end of which is fixed in a flat cross-piece, having on its upper side three or four notches, in one of which the player rests his cue in playing, when, as above remarked, the position of the ball to be struck makes it impossible for him to form with his left hand the natural bridge.

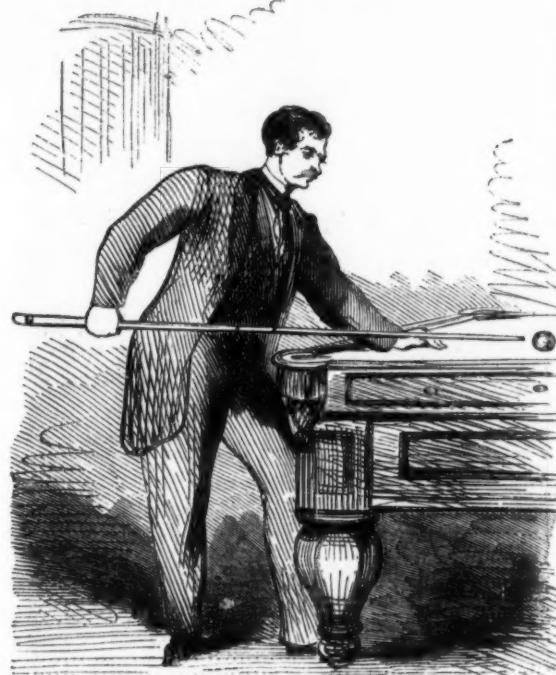
CHALK is applied to the leather end of the cue to prevent its slipping when in contact with the ball, an accident which is technically termed a miscue. The chalk used for this purpose should be of the best French brand.

## THE ATTITUDE IN PLAYING.

The pupil should be especially careful to acquire a good attitude. This is the groundwork of his success as a player. If his attitude be ungraceful—which means unnatural and uneasy—he may rest assured that his playing will be incorrect. Bad habits are easily acquired, but hard to be got rid of. Let the pupil spare no pains to make a good attitude a habit, and he will be amply repaid by his future progress in the game. He will build his edifice of proficiency on a solid basis.

The student's attitude must, in the first place, be perfectly easy and natural—not stiff or constrained about it. His left foot should be slightly advanced, in a straight line, the right drawn backwards and pointing outwards, to the extent and at the angle most familiar and convenient to the player. The left arm should be extended and supported on the table by the tips of the fingers and the junction of the palm and wrist (which position of the hand constitutes the natural bridge). His body should be perfectly balanced, and should form an acute angle with the side of the table at which he stands. The tapering end of the cue should rest in the natural groove formed by the elevation of the thumb; the thick end should be grasped in the right hand, loosely while being drawn back preparatory to the stroke, and firmly at the moment of contact with the ball. The cue should be held in a perfectly horizontal position, except in the case of some particular strokes which will be described in the proper place. Beginners should pay especial attention to this. It should be impelled chiefly by the fore-arm, while the body should remain perfectly steady, as the slightest swaying motion of it will give a false direction to the stroke. The speed of the cue, and not the weight of the body, gives strength to the stroke.

The following engraving will illustrate our remarks:



## A LADY'S ATTITUDE.

The attitude of ladies in playing billiards is simplified, from the fact that they ignore the natural bridge and the cue. They use the MACE, which is a sort of cue, whose smallest end terminates in a flat portion slightly turned up. This portion, which is called the head, is rested on the table, in contact with the ball which is to be played. The thick end is rested between the thumb and second finger, so that the eye may sight the ball along the entire length of the mace. To give the stroke, the forefinger is brought firmly to the end held between the thumb and second finger. The accompanying illustration shows the correct attitude of a lady in playing billiards.

## THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

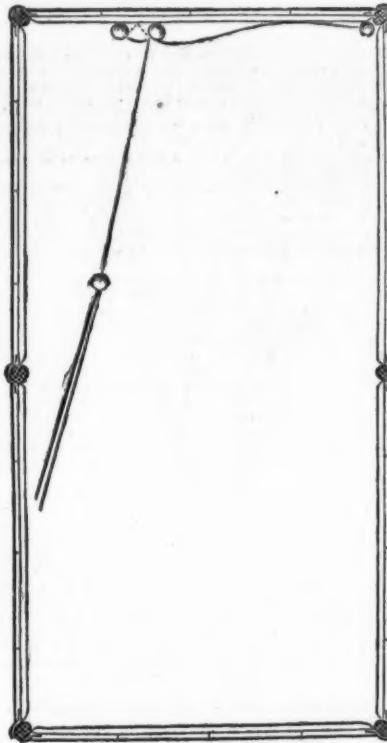
As the making of a correct bridge is of paramount importance to the student,



we will repeat the manner of its formation, though we have incidentally described it in treating of the general attitude.

The NATURAL BRIDGE is formed by placing the left hand on the table, at about eight inches from the ball to be struck. It is rested upon the junction of the wrist and palm of the hand and the tips of the fingers, the knuckles forming the apex of a triangle, of which the fingers and the palm of the hand are the sides, the length of the base between the extremities of the fingers and the wrist to be determined by the convenience of the player. The thumb is firmly elevated at the side, and forms, with the forefinger, a groove, in which the cue is made to work. The hand should be firmly pressed on the table to give solidity to the bridge. The cut representing the attitude in playing likewise shows the position of the hand in forming the bridge, and the angle to be observed.

## DIAGRAM OF SHOT.



## AN EIGHT SHOT FOR EXPERT PLAYERS.

DIRECTIONS HOW TO MAKE IT.—Strike the cue ball  $\frac{1}{2}$  R.  $\frac{1}{2}$  A. Q.P. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; the object ball to be hit  $\frac{1}{2}$  L., as indicated in diagram.

## EXPLANATION OF ABBREVIATIONS USED IN DESCRIBING DIAGRAMS.

THE CUE BALL.—A. stands for above the centre of the ball; B., for below it; R., to the right of it; L., to the left; and D., for diagonal. Q.P. means the strength or quantity of power with which the cue ball must be struck. We describe as follows: Q.P. No. 1, strength enough to make the ball roll from the string to the lower cushion and back to the head cushion. Q.P. No. 2: from the string to the lower cushion, back to the head cushion. Q.P. No. 3: from the string to the lower cushion, back to the head cushion again, and thence half-way down the table. Fuller directions, illustrated with diagrams, will appear as our lessons progress.

TIEMANN v. MERRITT.—The match between these gentlemen, which was to take place on the 24th ult., did not take place, Mr. Merritt failing to appear. The forfeit was handed to Tiemann. The match was to have been 1,000 points, American game, pocketing the ball once off the spot.

BILLIARD IN NEW ORLEANS.—At Miller's Southern Billiard Rooms two matches have been lately played between Mr. F. A. Chase, of Buckley's Minstrels, and an amateur of New Orleans. The games were played on a carom table, 200 points up. The result was as follows: First game, Chase made 169 points; opponent, 200; winning by 31 points. Second game, Chase, 200 points; opponent, 177; won by Chase by 23 points. The stakes were \$25 and \$50 respectively.

THE DETROIT BILLIARD MATCH.—Mr. Phelan has received a letter from Mr. Seerster, of Detroit, in which the latter gentleman states that the article in the Detroit Free Press, with regard to his taking up Mr. Phelan's challenge, was published without his knowledge or consent. He had merely intimated his willingness to play that gentleman, provided his (Mr. S.'s) friends could raise the required amount. Mr. Seerster further states that he is ready, but that his backers are not. These gentlemen, he says, may fail in raising £5,000, but if Mr. Phelan would consent to play for \$2,000 the matter could be arranged. This is the face of Mr. Phelan's repeated and well-known resolution not to lose his time and neglect his business for the period necessary to arrange and complete a match for less than \$5,000, amounts to nothing. Mr. Seerster is, however, doing all he can to raise the amount required, according to Mr. Phelan's challenge, and Mr. Phelan wishes that his efforts may be crowned with success. Mr. Seerster's disclaimer of any intention of taking Mr. Phelan by surprise is needless, as far as Mr. P. is concerned; he has too much confidence in Mr. Seerster's honor to give credit to such a rumor, even for a moment.

OBITUARY.—We regret to have to announce the demise, in Detroit, of Mr. George Seerster, formerly of Boston, and brother of Mr. John Seerster, of Detroit. Like the latter gentleman, Mr. George Seerster was a distinguished billiard player, and was considered at one time one of the first players in the Eastern States.

It is also our painful duty to chronicle the decease, in this city, of Mr. Tobias C. O'Connor, sen., one of the oldest billiard manufacturers in the United States.

ENGLISH BILLIARD NEWS.—Mr. John Fleming has made a match with John Roberts to play 1,000 points up, receiving 400 odds, for the sum of £25 a side. The match was to be played at Lower Music Hall, Edinburgh, December 21st, 1858. We shall give the result as soon as possible.

THE ROBERTS AND BOWLES MATCH, which was to have been played at Bowles' Rooms, Manchester, on the 9th December last, has not been reported in any of the English papers received by the last steamer. In our next we hope to be able to give a report of the matter.

## CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILE.

## A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

## THE BERTAUDIERE.

CHAPTER XXXII.—ST. LEU EFFECTS HIS ESCAPE FROM THE BASTILE. St. Leu had been incarcerated nearly six weeks, when the event occurred that brought him so unexpectedly into collision with Corbe and Riquet; his feelings upon which occasion may readily be conceived but with difficulty expressed.

It was easy for him to infer that these individuals were mutually ignorant of each other's nefarious design—for the hurried manner in which Corbe concealed himself on the approach of Father Riquet, and the precipitancy of his flight, coupled with the observations of the Jesuit, left no doubt of this fact—but the threats that fell from Ru, when the latter quitted him, partly opened his eyes to the design of this individual in bringing them all together, as if by chance, on the same identical night.

The fact was that Corbe and Riquet had long meditated—unknown to each other—the same project against the maiden, but had been compelled to defer its execution until they could secure Ru's connivance, without which the accomplishment of their base design was impracticable. But this individual, though he accepted their large bribes, always invented some new pretext for breaking his promise, in the hope of extorting more money from them; or admitted them to Juile's cell only when sister Bridget was there, who, schooled by him, insisted upon the letter of the regulations of the chateau, and resolutely refused to quit her prison for an instant. On discovering, however, the connection between St. Leu and Juile, Ru suddenly changed his plan of operations, and spurred by a love of mischief, determined to gratify the wishes of all parties, after his own peculiar fashion, and in a manner they little anticipated. The result of his mischievous plot has been shown; and in carrying out of the same he displayed more policy than may at first be imagined, though his motives for acting as he did might perhaps not bear scrutiny. By involving the principal parties, Corbe and Riquet, he sought to screen himself from the punishment that any accidental or wilful discovery of the affair,

as it regarded himself and St. Leu, would certainly entail; the entire owners of which the malice of either party might easily fix upon him.

But though frustrated in their intention, the two criminals did not lose sight of it, and having determined thenceforward to act in concert, once more sought to gain over Ru to their purpose, who, however, pointedly refused to lend them his further co-operation; upon this ensued the scene to which D'Argenson became so unexpectedly a witness.

On the morning after his interview with Juile, St. Leu's cell underwent a second scrutiny, under the superintendence of Monsieur de Joncas, Ru, and an assistant jailer; every niche was scrupulously inspected; the bed and the mattress were unmade and turned over, and even the iron bars at the window examined, in order to ascertain whether the prisoner had attempted to loosen them; all this passed in silence, nor did Monsieur de Joncas pay the least attention to the few questions St. Leu addressed him, with respect to the probable duration of his captivity, but having accomplished his task, quitted the cell, followed by Ru and his companion.

At his usual hour the *porte-clés* again appeared with his prisoner's afternoon meal, when he informed him that he (St. Leu) would shortly be removed to the tower of the Comté.

"I overheard St. Marc and Corbe talk about it," said he; "there's somebody there now, but he's going away in a week or ten days."

"And is there any likelihood of my being liberated?" inquired St. Leu.

"Can't say," responded the *porte-clés*; "haven't heard; don't think there is much—better try and make yourself happy!"

"And Julie—the young lady?"

"I know," observed Ru, nodding his head and winking his eye; "down there! Haven't heard anything about her either; tell you if I do. I like you, because you broke Riquet's head! I wish it had been Corbe's ah! ah! Don't be afraid," continued he, creeping up close to St. Leu, and whispering; "don't be afraid of anything happening to her; she's got a friend, he's my friend too, now! perhaps you know him; his name's Jacques! He's D'Argenson's friend too, and comes here very often, and he promised me lots of gold if I prevented any harm from coming to her! Do you know Jacques, eh?"

St. Leu intimated that he did not.

"Oh!" ejaculated the *porte-clés* musingly, and abruptly departed. This intelligence concerning Jacques' interest in Julie filled the young lover's heart with various surmises of the most conflicting kind, though they left him at last more at rest as to the likely issue of any further attempt that the Jesuit or the lieutenant-governor might be tempted to make upon her. She had spoken to him of Jacques; the letter he held from Jeanne to her sister likewise mentioned his name; thus, of his friendship he could entertain no doubt, whilst Ru, in affording him a proof of its potency, left him full of hope as to the effects he might expect it to produce in accomplishing the release of Julie.

His mind being comparatively tranquil on this score, he began again to ponder over his own fate, as he had already often done since his incarceration; and now it was that the despair to which he became a prey spurred his invention to mature a plan of escape from the horrors that perhaps awaited him; he therefore commenced his preparations.

To conceal these from the vigilance of his jailers was the first great difficulty; for though Ru's visits took place, for the most part at fixed times, to which he was now pretty well accustomed, he was never certain but that he might drop in at other hours, as he had done that morning for instance, accompanied by one or another of the functionaries of the fortress; from which contingency he had everything to apprehend, as his cell was likely again to be subjected to examination. Besides this, he had time against him, for he resolved not to afford his jailers the opportunity of changing his abode, and possessed few materials for the manufacture of the chief article he required, namely, a rope, long and strong enough to enable him to reach the ditch, from his point of descent at the summit of the tower; but nothing daunted, he went vigorously to work upon such articles as he had, and before Ru returned with his morning meal, had completed a portion of his task.

Judging of the height of the towers from that of his cell, from the number of stories, and the space between each, he calculated upon requiring about a hundred and twenty feet of rope; but great was his dismay when he discovered that every available article of wearing apparel that he possessed, added to the sheets and blankets of his bed, would not, when twisted into strands of the requisite strength, make up more than half the necessary quantity; still he wrought on with increasing despatch, until he had no more materials to work with, save his outward garments, the sacking of his bed, the slight cords that held it together, and the bed-clothes themselves. In this dilemma he feigned indisposition, in order to have a show of excuse for not getting up, and so far imposed upon Ru as to induce this individual to supply him with an additional blanket and coverlet; these rapidly shared the fate of the others, so that on the fifth day from the commencement of his task, he had, by weaving all these articles together in strips, into what is by sailors called "twice laid" completed a rope of tolerable strength, and of fourteen lengths, each length averaging about five feet.

As the only materials he now had at hand to finish the rope could not be used without attracting Ru's attention to their disappearance, St. Leu found it necessary to fix upon a night for making the contemplated attempt, purposing to attain the platform by means of the chimney, and thence, with the assistance of the rope, to descend into the great ditch, and gain the Seine through the small mouth by which the former was fed.

He had no time to wait for a favorable opportunity; wherefore, as the nights at that season were very long and very dark, he chose the following evening, the sixth after his interview with Julie, though the difficulties that threatened him were materially augmented by the fact of a large quantity of snow having fallen, rendering a discovery by the sentinels more to be apprehended; the die however, was cast, he had gone too far to recede, and delay might prove fatal to his project.

That day fled but slowly, the night came and waned, but more slowly still; would to-morrow never dawn? oh, yes! the morrow came, and with it snow and wind! noon-tide too passed, and still the snow fell and the wind blew! night succeeded, with more snow and more wind. St. Leu watched the white flakes as they descended, and listened to the howling of the storm; the sound pleased him; seven o'clock struck, his heart leaped, the time he had so anxiously looked forward to had arrived.

As soon as Ru had paid him his last visit, St. Leu took out the rope and examined its length by length, subjecting it to the heaviest strain he was capable of, with a view to test its strength, the result proved satisfactory; to complete it was his next task, and to this he applied himself with an earnestness and an energy of purpose that the emergency increased tenfold. Every article in the cell available as a substitute for yarn now came into requisition, the sacking of his wretched couch, the old and half-rotten green serge of the same that served for curtains, all that remained of his bedding, even to the tick of the mattress, his own outer garments, coat, waistcoat, neckerchief, every shred of raiment was turned to account! He stationed himself near the narrow window of his cell, and listened as he worked to the chime that marked the fleeting hours; eight o'clock—nine—ten! still his task remained incomplete eleven struck—then midnight! another half hour and all would be ready! at last his work was done!

Having again assured himself of the strength of his rope, as far as the means for so doing would allow, he coiled it over his left arm, and with a firm heart, commenced his perilous adventure.

With some difficulty he forced his way up the narrow chimney as far as the elbow, where the obstruction existed which he had cleared away, as related in a former chapter; here, over his head, an iron bar similar to the one he had already bent aside stopped his progress; however, he at last succeeded in removing it also, and soon gained the aperture above, which was scarcely large enough to afford his body a passage; indeed, had he retained his clothes, he could not have got through it. On gaining the top he was rejoiced to find that the storm continued with unabated violence, and that the wind, which blew most boisterously, came from the north-east, placing him to leeward of the sentinels. The night, too, was very black, though the snow that had fallen, and which still continued to drift blindly in every direction, save straight down, rendered surrounding objects perfectly distinguishable, so that he could even plainly discern the sentry-boxes at the further end of the platform; one of these stood not forty feet from the aperture he lay concealed in, which, fortunately for him, was situated at the angle the tower of the Bastille formed with the masonry that connected it with the Bazinière, so that he could reconnoitre unperceived; the unlooked-for circumstance startled him at first, but a few minutes sufficed to restore his courage, for he soon remarked that the sentinel had taken refuge within, leaving the road comparatively free; hardly daring to draw breath, he gradually emerged from his hiding-place, shivering and benumbed, and as the neighboring clocks struck one, set his feet upon the platform; there was now no receding.

Cautiously he crept on his hands and knees to the nearest embrasure, and, under cover of the pieces of field artillery with which it was furnished, proceeded to fasten his rope to the wheel thereof, taking the precaution to cast the coil over the battlements ready for use. This operation occupied some time, for his hands and limbs were not only chafed, swollen and lacerated, but deadened from the effects of cold, so that he could hardly use them. At length, however, he completed his task in safety, and having ascertained that the rope was securely fastened, cautiously raised himself for the purpose of commanding his fearful descent, when the sentinel suddenly came out of his box and began parading the platform, passing backwards and forwards within twenty paces of the embrasure in which he now again lay crouched, a prey to the severest mental and bodily anguish that can be conceived.

Twice, when the vigilant guardian's back was turned, did St. Leu creep towards the embrasure with the design of placing that barrier between them, and twice was he compelled to forego his intention, for the soldier's walk was so short his face might be said to have been turned almost always one way. But hesitation now was madness, for the success of his attempt depended upon his decision and firmness. Taking advantage, therefore, of the same favorable opportunity that had twice offered itself, St. Leu bounded towards the battlement, when a fierce gust drove the blinding sleet and snow into the sentinel's face, causing him to turn suddenly round. He caught sight of the strange figure before him. The click of the musket, the quick fire told St. Leu that he was discovered. Dashing forwards, unarmed, naked, as he was, he grasped the man by the throat, and a short but desperate struggle ensued, during which the musket discharged. Flinging his foot to the middle of the soldier's body, he wrenched the weapon from his grasp, and swinging it over his head, with the butt-end laid him senseless at his feet. The next moment he hung suspended in the air—he had commenced his frightful descent.

Other sentinels quickly rushed to the succor of their comrade, but stampeded by exposure to the inclemency night, gazed about for the fugitive in every direction but the right one, discharging their pieces in the air in order to arouse the garrison. The alarm now was general, though some time elapsed first, for the wind was so high itrowned the voices of the soldiers on the towers bawling out to their comrades on the roundabout, who knew not where to look nor what to do, until one of them perceived a white

figure dangling in midway air, rapidly descending from the towers into the ditch, at which he levelled his musket and fired, but without effect, although it served to put his companions on the proper track.

St. Leu had by this time descended more than half way, but his position was frightful in the extreme. Having nothing to steady his descent, he was swinging about backwards and forwards, in imminent danger of being dashed in pieces a-sit the massive ironwork, and over his safety only to his presence of mind, which he still retained even at that critical juncture. His sole aim was to reach the ditch beneath him, which he saw was frozen over, for the snow lay thick upon the surface of the ice. He therefore continued lowering himself, heedless of the uproar or of the strife of the elements that raged above and around and on all sides of him, his only fear being as to the strength of the rope, upon which the strain increased every moment, causing it now and then to crack, and reminding him of the frail material it was composed of so vividly, that his fingers seemed to interrogate each other, as if to ascertain the safety of that particular one on which his life was at that precise moment hung.

He had yet a distance of some twenty-five or thirty feet to descend, when to his utter dismay he came to the end of his rope, and at the same instant he felt that somebody was pulling at it above. A moment's hesitation—only a moment's, but what a moment that!—he loosed his hold and dropped. A rush of air, a suspension of breath, a stunning blow, a sensation of his bones being all broken at once, and the next instant he was immersed in water, and mud, and ice, and snow, and blinding darkness! But life, life was his only thought, notwithstanding. He rose to the surface and pushed aside the broken, jagged masses of ice, succeeded in gaining a footing upon firmer portions. He had, however, escaped one danger only to encounter another.

He was yet separated from the small moat, which he sought to gain, by the whole width of the great ditch, into which he had fallen, and the space between the Berthaudére and the L'azincourt towers, a distance of nearly seventy yards, in traversing which his person would offer a sure mark to the sentinels on the roundabout, who were aware of his position. Fortunately, however, the biting wind blew direct in their faces, driving before it a shower of tiny, frozen arrows that nearly deprived them of vision, the inolerable pain diverting their attention from the fugitive to themselves. St. Leu scrambled forward on all fours, the ice cracking and bending and breaking under him, until he reached the middle of the great ditch, when a shot from one of the sentinels, for he was now within twenty yards of the roundabout, took effect on his person, passing obliquely through the fleshly part of his arm. Regardless of the anguish and of the additional dangers to which he was now exposed, he started to his feet, bounded forwards and reached the small moat.

This moat, which likewise formed the outermost boundary of the gardens of the arsenal, communicated with the Seine, and was about forty feet wide and of the same depth as the great ditch; over it, at about fourteen or fifteen yards from its point of junction with the latter, fell a triple drawbridge, defended on the inner side by a *corps de garde*. Hearing the shots and the shouts of their comrades, the soldiers on duty here lowered the bridge and rushed in a mass into the first outer court, in order to learn the cause of the outcry. They passed within twenty feet of the wounded and trembling fugitive, who, the better to conceal himself, crouched down in the snow. He saw them run across the bridge and hear their halloos to their comrades; he heard, too, the chains of the great drawbridge clank and their ponderous hinges grate; he could see the flash and flicker of their flames, and distinguish the tramp of his pursuer's footsteps drawing every instant nearer and nearer; then a shout of exultation. They were on his track; the snow had betrayed the direction he had taken.

Life—life—liberty—Julie! and again he rushed onwards—gasping—exhausted—another shout! they were nearer! another effort, and he could place the massive outer wall of the Bastile between them and him! On! on! on! over the rotting ice, or immersed in the gelid waters that it covered! now wading through them—now scrambling over the unsafe masses on its surface, or leaping and running when a footing offered; but still on—on—on!

St. Leu had now gained that portion of the smaller moat where it was traversed by the outer wall of the Bastile, a small arch of about five feet in length—the thickness of the wall—forming the junction between it and the meat of the arsenal gardens. But here—between him and his liberty—a formidable barrier interposed itself in the shape of a barrow-formed grating, fixed into the arch and descending to within a foot of the water-mark, and at the bottom of which bristled a chevaux-de-frise; he hesitated; it was only for a moment; the voices and the tramp of footsteps in his rear told him he was lost if he paused longer! He drew one long breath, burst through the rotten ice with his feet, and plunged a long half-minute below! a noise as of a thousand drums beating all at once, or as many guns going off at the same moment, filled his ears; still he groped on beneath the water, guiding himself by the bank—then his head touched a substance; with his last remnant of strength he forced upwards—he breathed again—the last barrier was passed—he was free!

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE PURSUIT.

YES! free! free as the dark masses of clouds that, pursued by the furious blast, rushed through the heavens above! Free as the unruly blast itself that drove them along; or as the broad flakes of snow that drifted, thick and fast, in every direction around him! But what cared he for those dark masses of clouds, or for the furious blast that drove them, or for the blinding snow they vomited! He could hold out his cheek to that furious blast, or let it beat his exhausted, broken frame, and rejoice; nay, mock its rage; for, like it, was free!

Yes, free! but half dead! exhausted by the immense exertions he had made! wounded—bruised—lacerated—benumbed! Gasping for breath he dragged his almost powerless limbs to the shelving bank of the ditch, and with difficulty scrambled out of it, retaining, notwithstanding, sufficient presence of mind to keep him alive to the necessity of increasing, without delay, the distance already between him and his pursuers, who were separated from him only by the thickness of the outer wall of the Bastile, and whose voices he could distinctly hear rising, in discordance above the howling of the tempest.

There was no time for reflection: his heart throbbed wildly—his head swam—he saw nothing, heard nothing—he only felt his heart suddenly borne along, as it were, upon the wind—impelled onwards, onwards, he knew not how; leaping, stumbling, scrabbling, running, but still onwards, watching the white earth as it glided beneath his feet—or noting the dark rows of trees as with the speed of lightning they rushed past him—or now, the narrow portals of the houses, as he wily interrogates each, in the hope of finding one open! But no! all, all are shut against the fugitive!

He dashes wildly onwards notwithstanding; up one street, down another; through *carrées*, and courts, and lanes, and *rues*, threading a labyrinth of stone and brick apparently interminable! Suddenly a bright stream of light bursts full upon him as he turns a corner! a bound brings him to the door whence it proceeds! another moment—he has disappeared; the friendly porch is closed, and all is darkness again; with the wind whistling, and rasping, and venting its rage upon the tall stacks of chimneys—carrying away slates and tiles, and roofs, as though they were straws; mischievously drifting the snow under street doors, into cellars, down chimney-pots, and through the broken panes of the poor man's dwelling.

This is not the place to decide whether or not there exists in the sub-lunar or sub-solar sphere, in connection with the fortunes of man, a certain mysterious agency called fate; that is, a predestined concatenation of events, whose influence, for some who end—though often apparently otherwise—tends to render an individual irresponsible for his deeds, in making him, unconsciously, the instrument of some great power of infinite and ubiquitous evolution; it is not here the place, say we, to decide a question involving, as it does, so much severe inquiry; but it is, notwithstanding, incontrovertible—that fatality be or not admitted to enter into the organization of mundane affairs—that the regulation of the stupendous machinery of nature—including, of course, man and his actions—is effected by the very simplest means, and that the fate of empires, as of individuals, oftentimes hangs upon a circumstance so trivial as even to escape notice, until investigation shows the secret workings of that agency to which we yet hesitate to give a name.

But we will further add, with reference to the influence of trifles upon a man's destiny, that St. Leu was indeed solely to a very trivial circumstance for the asylum he found from his pursuers, for, had the owner thereof—a smith and farrier—not had a neighbor of the same trade as himself, and with whom—according to the old adage—he was not upon brotherly terms, he would that very morning have refused an order for eight and forty sets of horse-shoes, on the plea of inability to forge and deliver them by the next day, as required; had he done which, there would have been no necessity for his working until two hours after midnight, and consequently none for keeping the fire burning that attracted St. Leu's attention.

But it is so fitfully—in accordance with the secret arrangements of the tiny angel who held St. Leu's destiny in his hands—that Jean Bouriquet—this was the smith's name, though Democritus had christened him by that of Vulcan—felt a great disinclination to allow his neighbor the benefit of the order for the horse-shoes, wherefore he took it himself, promising to deliver them at the appointed time, and forthwith commenced his task right earnestly. All day he wrought with untiring perseverance; night fell, and his ponderous hammer still rang loud and merrily upon the anvil, whilst his furnace seemed to burn brighter and brighter; at their usual hour, his neighbors retired to bed, leaving him still at work; the patrol passed his forge at midnight, and with "good night, comrade," and a rough compliment upon his industry, left him hammering away, might and main, heedless of the fierce hurricane, and of the masses of snow, which, drifting from every quarter, forced themselves through the crevices and the open door of his shed.

"Thou hast wrought well to-day, Jean Bouriquet," exclaimed he, soliloquizing, and ringing with his tongue another bar of iron; "and thou wilt be a few crowns the richer for it to-morrow! Come I since thou art in the humor, thou mayst as well find me the job to-night, for thy father's first master to thee, when he was teaching thee thy calling, was: 'always strike the iron whilst 't is hot,' Jean Bouriquet."

Just then, a naked figure rushed, or more properly speaking, leaped into the shed, and darting into the furthest corner, where he sank exhausted, exclaimed in an almost inaudible voice:

"Save me! I have escaped from the Bastile! I am pursued!"

Being that time was precious, and the issue urgent, he threw down hammer, tons and bell, dashed his e-sheath, and making a sign to the prostrate man, promptly closed the door of his shed, and secured it inside, by dropping across it the two massive bars that formed its ordinary fastening. This done, he smiled, nodding his head very knowingly, and turned his attention to the stranger.

"Take a drink of this, comrade," said he, snatching off from a shelf a large wicker-flask, containing something more than a pint of brandy, and placing the same in the fugitive's hand: "that'll revive thee if anything will; I can answer for its virtue."

"Conceal me," replied St. Leu; "they are close upon me; if they find me here we shall both be *les*!"

"Take another drink," coolly observed the smith; "for should they track thee, this will require all the courage thou hast yet left."

St. Leu did as he was desired, and returned the flask, which Bouriquet carried to his own mouth, and after taking two or three long draughts, deposited it on a bench by his side.

"There!" said he, smacking his lips; "now let us consider what we had best o'."

"Hast thou no place in which thou canst secrete me, friend?" asked St. Leu, starting to his feet; "here I am not safe."

"I have no other asylum to offer thee," responded the smith; "except, indeed, the room above, which thy friends would be sure to search if they came; thou must assist thyself, or I can do nothing more for thee."

"Tell me what to do," ejaculated our hero, whose strength was now partially renovated; "I am a soldier; thou shalt not find me deficient in courage."

"Diantre!" exclaimed Bouriquet; "hast thou not possessed that thou wouldst not have escaped from yonder? Hast thou any strength left?"

"I have lost a good deal of blood," replied St. Leu, holding out his wounded arm; "but I can yet make an effort."

With a dexterity that savored strongly of extensive practice, though his skill was ordinarily exercised upon quadrupeds only, Bouriquet bound up the maimed limb, applying to the wound a few drops of a balsam that he usually employed as a specific for hemorrhage in horses and cattle, and the potency of which made his patient wince.

"Ah! ah!" he exclaimed, noticing the young man's shudder, "it bites, eh? but thou wot not feel it presently!"

"Hush!" whispered St. Leu, who's ear was alive to every sound; "they are drawing nearer! I hear them shout again!"

"Pull the rope of yonder bellows, c'mmande," observed Bouriquet, in a brief, determined tone; "it's all rejoicing thee in a twinklin'! Should any one knock, open not; for thy lie!" with this he commenced rapidly ascending a ladder that stood in the furthest corner of the shed, and soon after disappeared through a trap cut through the rafters, and by which it communicated with a chamber above.

The segment in which our hero had taken refuge was the first of a long row of quailty fashioned houses, built partly of wood and partly of brick, extending from one end of the exterior boulevard to some distance up the faubourg. It was perfectly isolated from the rest, being merely a very roomy shed, with a high triangular roof, from the centre of which projected one small latticed window, intended to admit a glimmer of light into a kind of cock-loft over the laboratory, forming the smith's dormitory. The laboratory itself was spacious, owing only one door, looking into the street, but that one very tall and very wide, and divided cross-wise, into two flaps, the lower of which was generally kept closed, whilst the upper one was left to swing backwards and forwards as it listed, being moreover ornamented on the outside with some two or three horse-shoes, intended to operate as a terror and a warning to the whole tribe of evil spirits; who, from time immemorial, as is well known, have been reported to hold horse-shoes in abhorrence.

To the left, on entering, stood the blacksmith's forge, with its wide projecting chimney and its blazing furnace, and on one side of which might be seen St. Leu, pale, haggard and trembling, plying the bellows and feeding the fire, with the boldness of Maitre Bouriquet himself. At the other end, opposite the door, lay a quantity of litter and sawdust, trodden down into a close compact mass by the farrier's four-footed patrons, with here and there a number of halvers hanging upon hooks firmly fixed into the brick work.

St. Leu noted everything at a glance, listening to the smith's heavy shuffle overheard as he began rambling about in different corners, apparently in search of something and at the same time to the shouts of his pursuers, which had now grown fainter; this, however, was a mere delusion, for after a brief pause they burst forth more vociferously than ever, and evidently much nearer; then came a hurried tramp of footsteps, and the next minute the glare of torches flickering through the crevices of the door; a short consultation followed; then a knocking, whilst a voice, which he recognized as belonging to Corbé, exclaimed,

"O'en, in the name of the king!"

St. Leu looked anxiously towards the ladder, hardly daring to breathe, and trembling lest that the party outside should force an entrance; still he spoke not; another pause succeeded, when the knocking was repeated, also the command, but with the addition of an oath; at this moment Bouriquet appeared at the trap, carrying in one hand a pair of wood-n shoes which he threw down on the litter, as also a bundle of cloches, and making a sign to his guest to put them on, advanced to take this place at the forge.

"Quick, quick!" said he in a whisper; "never mind their being a little too large!" and he began blowing the fire and singing at the very top of his voice, whilst St. Leu hurried on the garments.

These belonged to Maitre Bouriquet himself, and though many sizes too big for the present wear, only served the better to disguise him; he dragged them on as fast as he could, the busy smith eyeing him with great calmness of demeanor; but here the knocking recommenced more furiously than ever, accompanied by loud and angry threats.

"The good King Dagobert! tral, la la la la la la!" shouted Bouriquet, lengthening the final letter of the burden of his dirty, and beginning to hammer away upon his anvil, continuing in an under tone to St. Leu, "Quick, comrade, they're gettin' impatient!"

"I am ready!" answered his guest, in a brief, sharp tone.

"The great Saint Eloy, tral la la la la la!" sang Bouriquet; and regardless of the attempts that the party outside were now making to break in the door, he continued to thump the anvil with all his might; pointing out a dingy blouse that laid in one corner, he signed to St. Leu to put it on; this was soon done.

"That'll do, comrade!" he exclaimed in a whisper; "take my place at the bellows, and oblige me by looking as stupid as thou canst. Ah, stop! that white face of thine, and that long hair will betray us!" With this he snatched off the great fur cap which ornamented his own head, and clapped it on the young man's, at the imminent risk of extinguishing him; having, however, first adopted the precaution of turning up his unshorn, matted locks beneath it. Taking next a handful of soot from one side of the chimney, he begrimed St. Leu's face with it, and his hands, nearly suffocating him by the operation, which so completely disfigured him, that even Bouriquet himself closed his eyes with astonishment.

Meanwhile, finding themselves frustrated, the party headed by Corbé ceased their efforts to burst in the door, but taking advantage of the momentary silence within, the latter once more began knocking, er' ing out,

"Open, I say! don't you hear I open, open, Maitre Bouriquet!"

"Hullo, hullo!" shouted the smith, grasping St. Leu's hand by way of encouraging him; "who's there?"

"Open, in the name of the king!" answered Corbé.

"Oh, very well!" responded Bouriquet; "I don't know why I shouldn't!" and leaving St. Leu attending the furnace and applying the bellows, he unfastened the upper flap of the door and confronted the intruders.

"Didst thou not hear us demand admittance before?" asked Corbé, looking fiercely at the smith; "we knocked loud enough."

"I did hear a noise, to be sure," replied Bouriquet; "but there's such a wind! I am sorry I kept you waiting. What's the matter?"

"A prisoner has escaped from the Bastile," observed the lieutenant-governor.

"Indeed!" resumed the smith. "Well! there's plenty left; one won't be missed I'm sure!"

"We must search these premises," retorted Corbé, looking suspiciously into the shed; "we have traced the prisoner to thy door."

"Ah! bah!" ejaculated Bouriquet, as though astonished at the prisoner's temerity.

"No trifling!" growled the first speaker. "I tell thee we have tracked him hither. Let us in!"

"Well," said the smith, "if he got in here, I suppose he's here now, that's all! Come in! Pierre," this was addressed to St. Leu, "take the lamp and show the gentlemen up the trap."

"There's no occasion, friend," responded Corbé, casting a quick, doubtful glance in the direction of the ladder; "we can find our way up alone, I dare say."

"As you please, monsieur," responded Bouriquet. "Blow away, Pierre!"

Pierre did as he was desired; the smith withdrew the heated bar from the furnace and recommenced hammering, whilst Corbé, accompanied by two of his subordinates, began his search. They examined every nook and corner of the shed, looking under the bench, under the forge, which had a place there for coal, and amongst the straw and litter. Finding no one, they mounted the ladder, but after a brief absence, which to the party most interested seemed an age, returned to the shed with disappointment depicted on their countenances.

"Well!" exclaimed Bouriquet.

"He has escaped, by heaven!" muttered Corbé. "And yet I could swear I saw him fly in the direction of this shed. Hast thou no other place where he could secrete himself, fellow?"

"It's her'e's the roof," coolly observed the smith, clinching his hammer very tightly. "Pierre, throw some water on the fire!"

The lieutenant-governor frowned hideously and bit his lip, staring very hard at Bouriquet; as Bouriquet, however, was accustomed to look at iron, he returned equally hard at St. Leu, whose face was now turned towards him, but he did not recognize him, so effectually was he disfigured; for, encouraged by the success of their artifice, and remembering the smith's request, he stared at Corbé with open mouth and such an idiotic expression of countenance that Corbé himself was the first to turn away, uttering a compliment ending in the term "imbecile!"

After a moment's consultation with the sub-officer who had accompanied him, he again addressed the smith.

"To prevent the prisoner escaping, should he still be concealed anywhere about the premises, two sentinels shall remain on duty here all night, Maitre Bouriquet. If thou hast deceived me thou shalt rue it!"

"Is there no other house but mine, then, where he may have taken refuge?"

"No, here we have lost all traces of him. Comrades, we will return to the Bastile and report to St. Marc. Good night, Maitre Bouriquet."

"It's very cold, monsieur," observed the smith, taking up the bottle and presenting it to Corbé; "if you have no objection, I can recompense you."

"Come, thou art an honest fellow, I must confess," responded he, nodding to the burly artisan, "and I thank thee." So saying he raised the vessel to his lips, and after holding it there awhile, returned it to its owner with the tears starting from his eyes.





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